A FEW FAVOURITES

SELECTIONS FROM

MODERN PROSE

SELECTED BY

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A FELLOW TRAVELLER

I do not know which of us got into the carriage first. Indeed I did not know he was in the carriage at all for some time. It was the last train from London to a Midland town—a stopping train, an infinitely leisurely train, one of those trains which give you an understanding of eternity. It was tolerably full when it started, but as we stopped at the suburban stations the travellers alighted in ones and twos, and by the time we had left the outer ring of London behind I was alone—or, rather, I thought I was alone.

There is a pleasant sense of freedom about being alone in a carriage that is jolting noisily through the night. It is liberty and unrestraint in a very agreeable form. You can do anything you like. You can talk to yourself as loud as you please and no one will hear you. You can have that argument out with Jones and roll him triumphantly in the dust without fear of a counter-stroke. You can stand on your head and no one will see you. You can sing, or dance a two-step, or practise a golf stroke, or play marbles on the floor without let or hindrance. You can open the window or shut it without provoking a protest. You can open both windows or shut both. Indeed, you can go on

opening them and shutting them as a sort of festival of freedom. You can have any corner you choose and try all of them in turn. You can lie at full length on the cushions and enjoy the luxury of breaking the regulations and possibly the heart of D.O.R.A. herself. Only D.O.R.A. will not know that her heart is broken. You have escaped even D.O.R.A.

On this night I did not do any of these things. They did not happen to occur to me. What I did was much more ordinary. When the last of my fellow-passengers had gone I put down my paper, stretched my arms and legs, stood up and looked out of the window on the calm summer night through which I was journeying, noting the pale reminiscence of day that still lingered in the northern sky ; crossed the carriage and looked out of the other window ; lit a cigarette, sat down and began to read again. It was then that I became aware of my fellow traveller. He came and sat on my nose.... He was one of those wingy, nippy, intrepid insects that we call, vaguely, mosquitoes. I flicked him off my nose, and he made a tour of the compartment, investigated its three dimensions, visited each window, fluttered round the light, decided that there was nothing so interesting as that large animal in the corner, came and had a look at my neck.

I flicked him off again. He skipped away, took another jaunt round the compartment, returned and seated himself impudently on the back of my hand. It is enough, I said ; magnanimity has its limits. Twice you have been warned that I am someone in particular, that my august person resents the tickling impertinences of strangers. I

assume the black cap. I condemn you to death. Justice demands it and the court awards it. The counts against you are many. You are a vagrant ; you are a public nuisance ; you are travelling without a ticket ; you have no meat coupon. For these and many other misdemeanours you are about to die. I struck a swift, a lethal blow with my right hand. He dodged the attack with an insolent ease that humiliated me. My personal vanity was aroused. I lunged at him with my hand, with my paper ; I jumped on the seat and pursued him around the lamp ; I adopted tactics of feline cunning, waiting till he had alighted, approaching with a horrible stealthiness, striking with a sudden and terrible swiftness.

It was all in vain. He played with me, openly and ostentatiously, like a skilful matador finessing round an infuriated bull. It was obvious that he was enjoying himself, that it was for this that he had disturbed my repose. He wanted a little sport, and what sport like being chased by this huge, lumbering windmill of a creature, who tasted so good and seemed so helpless and so stupid ? I began to enter into the spirit of the fellow. He was no longer a mere insect. He was developing into a personality, an intelligence that challenged the possession of this compartment with me on equal terms. I felt my heart warming towards him and the sense of superiority fading. How could I feel superior to a creature who was so manifestly my master in the only competition in which we had ever engaged ? Why not be magnanimous again ? Magnanimity and mercy were the noblest attributes of man. In the exercise of these high qualities I could recover my prestige. At present I was a ridiculous figure, a thing

for laughter and derision. By being merciful I could reassert the moral dignity of man and go back to my corner with honour. I withdraw the sentence of death, I said, returning to my seat. I cannot kill you, but I can reprieve you. I do it.

I took up my paper and he came and sat on it. Foolish fellow, I said, you have delivered yourself into my hands. I have but to give this respectable weekly organ of opinion a smack on both covers and you are a corpse, neatly sandwiched between an article on "Peace Traps" and another on "The Modesty of Mr. Hughes." But I shall not do it. I have reprieved you, and I will satisfy you that when this large animal says a thing he means it. Moreover, I no longer desire to kill you. Through knowing you better I have come to feel—shall I say?—a sort of affection for you. I fancy that St. Francis would have called you "little brother." I cannot go so far as that in Christian charity and civility. But I recognise a more distant relationship. Fortune has made us fellow travellers on this summer night. I have interested you and you have entertained me. The obligation is mutual and it is founded on the fundamental fact that we are fellow mortals. The miracle of life is ours in common and its mystery too. I suppose you don't know anything about your journey. I'm not sure that I know much about mine. We are really, when you come to think of it, a good deal alike—just apparitions that are and then are not, coming out of the night into the lighted carriage, fluttering about the lamp for a while and going out into the night again. Perhaps......

"Going on to-night, sir?" said a voice at the window.

It was a friendly porter giving me a hint that this was my station. I thanked him and said I must have been dozing. And seizing my hat and stick I went out into the cool summer night. As I closed the door of the compartment I saw my fellow traveller fluttering round the lamp....

—From *Leaves in the Wind.*

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE

(*b.* 1860)

"...... But all his characters, whether of real life or fancy, are touched with a peculiar kind of loving humour which can hardly be defined; it is unlike that of any other writer, and indeed has become familiarly known as "Barrieism." It seldom comes from the mouth of a humorist uttering a joke, but often from the lips of a child or of a solemn person saying something unexpectedly funny without intending it."

—JOHN DRINKWATER, *The Outline of Literature.*

INVITING AN ATTRACTIVE MAN TO DINNER

To the Editor of *The Times* –

SIR, now that May and the Australians are upon us is it permissible, for just this once, to make use of *The Times* as a means of inviting an attractive man to dinner? I don't know him, but he is a Brigadier and he says in *The Times* of to-day that he realizes his cricketing days are over; surely this is a combination that will melt even your stubborn heart. In this hope I ask you to forward my invitation to him, and to take note that I leave it open as a guarantee of good faith.

Dear Brigadier, though I don't know you I wish I did, and that is the only excuse I can offer for my presumption in begging you to dine with me at any time or place that is seemly to you. I have already known one brigadier, which makes me the more desirous to know another, but it is to-day's confession in *The Times* about your last cricket exploit that makes me long to see you sitting opposite me at a table for two. This, however, can create no similar craving in you, and so I hasten to offer you my credentials.

Though I am not a brigadier (through no fault of my own) I, too, can look upon days when I led my

men into the tented field, and to the last match of all when I performed so differently from you that ordinary civility prevents my stating at this early period of our acquaintance what I did, though it may come out at our little dinner. As cricket teaches most things and being a brigadier must teach the rest, you will, I am sure, pardon me for pointing out that on the great occasion you made a regrettable mistake in going in last. I gather indeed (reluctantly) that it was your practice to be tenth man or so, for the same reason that always made me go in first. Modesty, of course, was at the root of it in both cases, but I had evidently thought the matter out more elaborately than you. You were no doubt influenced by the reflection that with a little luck you might carry out your bat, though you should have known (I say it with all deference) that when the ninth wicket falls there are always four more balls to that over. Furthermore, you were playing for the glory of the moment when you should have been thinking of posterity. No one seeing you go in last, or hearing that you go in last, or noticing in *The Times* that you were in last, will ever credit you with being a batsman, not even if you get into double figures. Now, having thought the matter out profoundly, I always as captain went in first. This did not deceive the onlookers, and still less my side, as to my prowess, but I was intentionally playing a waiting game. Readers of the local weekly seeing that I opened the innings, same as Hobbs does, took for granted that I was an accomplished bat who on this occasion happened to be "unfortunate". I never got into *The Times*, but I became vaguely known to its readers as a man who went in

first and all the rest followed. If I had been you in your last match, instead of going in last I would have gone in first. The result of the match would have been the same, but very likely the reporters (hoodwinked) would have said it was owing to my not making my usual stand.

The things we can talk about if you will only come to dinner! The Australians, for instance. I must admit that I have a leaning to them, being such a young side and having, all the time they are batting or holding out their hands for a catch, to remember the 67 rules they have sworn not to break about wives and autographs. This puts me into an awkward position, which I shall ask your opinion of at dinner, and is briefly this. I daresay when you were a captain (I mean a real captain, not a military one) you had my experience about tossing? The opposing captain, after looking me over, always told me to toss, and he called " The Bird ", and then, whether the coin came down head or tail, he said, " The Bird it is ; we shall go in." I often felt there was something wrong about this, but could never quite see what it was. Now do you think that, as the Australians are such a young side and have so many things to remember, I would be justified in dropping a line to Mr. Woodfull, saying that the toss is very important, and putting him up to calling " The Bird ? "

Another thing, ought I to give him or Mr. Hornibrook a tip about slow left-hand bowling? Mr. Hornibrook I understand is their only slow left-hand bowler, and I am a slow left-hand bowler myself. I was elated to read of Mr. J. C. White's success in Australia, and as soon as he came back I hurried to Lord's to see

him. To my horror I discovered he did not know what slow left-hand bowling is. I would have called it (and did so) fast left-hand bowling. You say nothing of bowling in *The Times* except that you were out first ball, so that perhaps you find all bowling alike and inclined to be fast. Now my left-hand bowling is so slow that it exasperates the batsman, who has gone through all his flourishes by the time the ball reaches the middle of the pitch. My bowling does not so much take the wickets as lie against them. If I think I have sent down a bad delivery I can pursue the ball, recapture it, and send it down again. Ought I to tell Mr. Hornibrook about this, or would it be more patriotic to tell Mr. White, or should they be left to go on in the old way?

Do you feel a special interest in the very young Australians? I do, especially in Master McCabe, who is so young that his schoolmaster has had to sign 34 rules not to appear on the field and take him back to school. There are also Mr. Jackson and Mr. Bradman. I know something that is going to happen to all three of them, besides centuries. At some period in a Test Match they will be found in a dressing-room, each one drooping on a seat and murmuring in anguish : "Oh gosh, oh gosh, why did I play forward to that ball!" Ought I to prepare them for this, or leave them looking happy with 97 on the board?

Perhaps wisest to give them no tips. A side that can leave out Macartney needs them not or is mad. Did you ever see a swallow with a sense of humour chased by dogs? It would come down close to them to tempt them, then soar, then down again and soar again, and so

round and round the lawn. That was Macartney with his bowlers. They say Jackson is such another. How splendid ! I mean, Oh, dear ! Such a talk we will have if you will dine with me.

April 29, 1930. J. M. BARRIE.

(*By kind permission of Sir James Barrie and the Editor of* 'The Times')

HILAIRE BELLOC

(*b.* 1870)

"......the best of all his writing is to be found in his books of travel, of which *The Path to Rome*, the narrative of a tramp afoot, is as delightful as Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*; with that book, indeed, it has much in common--the same happy knack of picture-painting scenes and people, the humour, the gay philosophy of life, together with a rare gift for making the reader feel as if he were his companion in adventure."

—JOHN DRINKWATER, *The Outline of Literature.*

THE PATH TO ROME

Two hundred leaguers and a half
Walked I, went I, paced I, tripped I,
Marched I, held I, skelped I, slipped I,
Pushed I, panted, swung and dashed I;
Picked I, forded, swam and splashed I,
Strolled I, climbed I, crawled and scrambled,
Dropped and dipped I, ranged and rambled;
Plodded I, hobbled I, trudged and tramped I,
And in lonely spinnies camped I,
And in haunted pinewoods slept I,
Lingered, loitered, limped and crept I,
Clambered, halted, stepped and leapt I;
Slowly sauntered, roundly strode I,
And............................
Let me not conceal it.... Rode I.

(For who but critics could complain
Of ("riding" in a railway train?)

Across the valleys and the high-land
With all the world on either hand,
Drinking when I had a mind to
Singing when I felt inclined to;
Nor ever turned my face to home
Till I had slacked my heart at Rome.

* * * * * * *

THE DESPAIR OF THE NIGHT

It was now fully dark; the night was very cold from the full height of the hills; a dense dew began to fall upon the ground, and the sky was full of stars. For hours I went on slowly down the lane that ran round the hollow of the wooded mountain. It was midnight when I came to the level, and yet I heard no water, and did not yet see the tower against the sky. Extreme fatigue made it impossible, as I thought, to proceed farther, when I saw a light in a window, and went to it quickly and stood beneath it. A woman from the window called me *Caro mio*, which was gracious, but she would not let me sleep even in the straw of the barn.

I hobbled on in despair of the night, for the necessity of sleep was weighing me down after four high hills climbed that day, and after the rough ways and the heat and the continual marching.

I found a bridge which crossed the deep ravine they had told me of. This high bridge was new, and had been built of fine stone, yet it was broken and ruined, and a gap suddenly showed in the dark. I stepped back from it in fear. The clambering down to the stream and up again through the briars to regain the road broke me yet more, and when, on the hill beyond, I saw the tower faintly darker against the dark sky, I went up doggedly to it, fearing faintness, and reaching it where it stood (it was on the highest ground overlooking the Secchia valley), I sat down on a stone beside it and waited for the morning.

The long slope of the hills fell away for miles to where,

by daylight, would have lain the misty plain of Emilia. The darkness confused the landscape. The silence of the mountains and the awful solemnity of the place lent that vast panorama sense of the terrible, under the dizzy roof of the stars. Every now and again some animal of the night gave a cry in the undergrowth of the valley, and the great rock of Castel-Nuovo, now close and enormous— bare, rugged, a desert place—added something of doom.

The hours were creeping on with the less certain stars; a very faint and unliving grey touched the edges of the clouds. The cold possessed me, and I rose to walk, if I could walk, a little farther.

What is that in the mind which, after (it may be) a slight disappointment or a petty accident, causes it to suffer on the scale of grave things?

I have waited for the dawn a hundred times, attended by that mournful, colourless spirit which haunts the last hours of darkness; and influenced especially by the great timeless apathy that hangs round the first uncertain promise of increasing light. For there is an hour before daylight when men die, and when there is nothing above the soul or around it, when even the stars fail. And this long and dreadful expectation I had thought to be worst when one was alone at sea in a small boat without wind; drifting beyond one's harbour in the ebb of the outer channel tide, and sogging back at the first flow on the broad, confused movement of a sea without any waves. In such lonely mornings I have watched the Owers light turning, and I have counted up my gulf of time, and wondered that moments could be so stretched out in the

clueless mind. I have prayed for the morning or for a little draught of wind, and this I have thought, I say, the extreme of absorption into emptiness and longing.

But now, on this ridge, dragging myself on to the main road, I found a deeper abyss of isolation and despairing fatigue than I had ever known, and I came near to turning eastward and imploring the hastening of light, as men pray continually without reason for things that can but come in a due order. I still went forward a little, because when I sat down my loneliness oppressed me like a misfortune ; and because my feet, going painfully and slowly, yet gave a little balance and rhythm to the movement of my mind.

I heard no sound of animals or birds. I passed several fields, deserted in the half-darkness ; and in some I felt the hay, but always found it wringing wet with dew, nor could I discover a good shelter from the wind that blew off the upper snow of the summits. For a little space of time there fell upon me, as I crept along the road, that shadow of sleep which numbs the mind, but it could not compel me to lie down, and I accepted it only as a partial and beneficent oblivion which covered my desolation and suffering as a thin, transparent cloud may cover an evil moon.

Then suddenly the sky grew lighter upon every side. That cheating gloom (which I think the clouds in purgatory must reflect) lifted from the valley as though to a slow order given by some calm and good influence that was marshalling in the day. Their colours came back to things ; the trees recovered their shape, life, and trembling ; here and there, on the face of the mountain oppo-

site, the mists by their movement took part in the new life, and I thought I heard for the first time the tumbling water far below me in the ravine. That subtle barrier was drawn which marks to-day from yesterday ; all the night and its despondency became the past and entered memory. The road before me, the pass on my left (my last ridge, and the entry into Tuscany), the mass of the great hills, had become mixed into the increasing light, that is, into the familiar and invigorating Present which I have always found capable of opening the doors of the future with a gesture of victory.

My pain either left me, or I ceased to notice it, and seeing a little way before me a bank above the road, and a fine grove of sparse and dominant chestnuts, I climbed up thither and turned, standing to the east.

There, without any warning of colours, or of the heraldry that we have in the north, the sky was a great field of pure light, and without doubt it was all woven through, as was my mind watching it, with security and gladness. Into this field, as I watched it, rose the sun.

The air became warmer almost suddenly. The splendour and health of the new day left me all in repose, and persuaded or compelled me to immediate sleep.

I found therefore in the short grass, and on the scented earth beneath one of my trees, a place for lying down ; I stretched myself out upon it, and lapsed into a profound slumber, which nothing but a vague and tenuous delight separated from complete forgetfulness. If the last confusion of thought, before sleep possessed me, was a kind of prayer—and certainly I was in the mood of gratitude and of adoration—this prayer was of course to

God, from whom every good proceeds, but partly (idolatrously) to the Sun, which, of all the things He has made, seems, of what we at least can discover, the most complete and glorious.

--From *The Path to Rome.*

(By kind permission of the Author and Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)

ARNOLD BENNETT

(1867-1930)

"......he is over anxious to make his scenic background clear and convincing ; the pall of smoke hanging over his grimy little town is so realistic that we cannot properly see the characters through it. In *The Old Wives' Tale*....we are long enough in the atmosphere to accustom our eyesight to its twilight greys."

—ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT, *A History of English Literature.*

THE SQUARE

THOSE two girls, Constance and Sophia Baines, paid no heed to the manifold interest of their situation, of which, indeed, they had never been conscious. They were, for example, established almost precisely on the fifty-third parallel of latitude. A little way to the north of them, in the creases of a hill famous for its religious orgies, rose the river Trent, the calm and characteristic stream of middle England. Somewhat further northwards, in the near neighbourhood of the highest public house in the realm, rose two lesser rivers, the Dane and the Dove, which, quarrelling in early infancy, turned their backs on each other, and, the one by favour of the Weaver and the other by favour of the Trent, watered between them the whole width of England, and poured themselves respectively into the Irish Sea and the German Ocean. What a county of modest unnoticed rivers! What a natural, simple county, content to fix its boundaries by these tortuous island brooks, with their comfortable names—Trent, Mease, Dove, Tern, Dane, Mees, Stour, Tame, and even hasty Severn! Not that the Severn is suitable to the county! In the county excess is deprecated. The county is happy in not exciting remark. It is content that Shropshire

should possess that swollen bump, the Wrekin, and that the exaggerated wildness of the Peak should lie over its border. It does not desire to be a pancake like Cheshire. It has everything that England has, including thirty miles of Watling Street; and England can show nothing more beautiful and nothing uglier than the works of nature and the works of man to be seen within the limits of the county. It is England in little, lost in the midst of England, unsung by searchers after the extreme; perhaps occasionally somewhat sore at this neglect, but how proud in the instinctive cognizance of its representative features and traits!

Constance and Sophia, busy with the intense preoccupations of youth, recked not of such matters. They were surrounded by the county. On every side the fields and moors of Staffordshire, intersected by roads and lanes, railways, watercourses and telegraph lines, patterned by hedges, ornamented and made respectable by halls and genteel parks, enlivened by villages at the intersections, and warmly surveyed by the sun, spread out undulating. And trains were rushing round curves in deep cuttings, and carts and waggons trotting and jingling on the yellow roads, and long, narrow boats passing in a leisure majestic and infinite over the surface of the stolid canals; the rivers had only themselves to support, for Staffordshire rivers have remained virgin of keels to this day. One could imagine the messages concerning prices, sudden death, and horses, in their flight through the wires under the feet of birds. In the inns Utopians were shouting the universe into order over beer, and in the halls and parks the dignity of England was being preserved in a

fitting manner. The villages were full of women who did nothing but fight against dirt and hunger, and repair the effects of friction on clothes. Thousands of labourers were in the fields, but the fields were so broad and numerous that this scattered multitude was totally lost therein. The cuckoo was much more perceptible than man, dominating whole square miles with his resounding call. And on the airy moors health-larks played in the ineffaceable mule-tracks that had served centuries before even the Romans thought of Watling Street. In short, the usual daily life of the county was proceeding with all its immense variety and importance; but though Constance and Sophia were in it they were not of it.

The fact is, that while in the county they were also in the district; and no person who lives in the district, even if he should be old and have nothing to do but reflect upon things in general, ever thinks about the county. So far as the county goes, the district might almost as well be in the middle of the Sahara. It ignores the county, save that it uses it nonchalantly sometimes as leg-stretcher on holiday afternoons, as a man may use his back garden. It has nothing in common with the county; it is richly sufficient to itself. Nevertheless, its self-sufficiency and the true salt savour of its life can only be appreciated by picturing it hemmed in by county. It lies on the face of the county like an insignificant stain, like a dark Pleiades in a green and empty sky. And Hanbridge has the shape of a horse and its rider, Bursley of half a donkey, Knype of a pair of trousers, Longshaw of an Octopus, and little Turnhill of a beetle. The five towns seem to cling together for safety. Yet the idea of clinging

together for safety would make them laugh. They are unique and indispensable. From the north of the county right down to the South they alone stand for civilisation, applied science, organised manufacture, and the century—until you come to Wolverhampton. They are unique and indispensable because you cannot drink tea out of a teacup without the aid of the Five Towns; because you cannot eat a meal in decency without the aid of the Five Towns. For this the architecture of the Five Towns is an architecture of ovens and chimneys; for this its atmosphere is as black as its mud; for this it burns and smokes all night, so that Longshaw has been compared to hell; for this it is unlearned in the ways of agriculture, never having seen corn except as packing straw and in quartern loaves; for this, on the other hand, it comprehends the mysterious habits of fire and pure, sterile earth; for this it lives crammed together in slippery streets where the housewife must change white window-curtains at least once a fortnight if she wishes to remain respectable; for this it gets up in the mass at six A. M., winter and summer, and goes to bed when the public-houses close; for this it exists—that you may drink tea out of a teacup and toy with a chop on a plate.

All the everyday crockery used in the kingdom is made in the Five Towns—all, and much besides. A district capable of such gigantic manufacture, of such a perfect monopoly—and which finds energy also to produce coal and iron and great men—may be an insignificant stain on a county, considered geographically, but it is surely well justified in treating the county as its back garden once a week, and in blindly ignoring it the rest of

the time.

Even the majestic thought that whenever and wherever in all England a woman washes up, she washes up the product of the district ; that whenever and wherever in all England a plate is broken the fracture means new business for the district—even this majestic thought had probably never occurred to either of the girls. The fact is, that while in the Five Towns they were also in the Square, Bursley and the Square ignored the staple manufacture as perfectly as the district ignored the county. Bursley has the honours of antiquity in the Five Towns. No industrial development can ever rob it of its superiority in age, which makes it absolutely sure in its conceit. And the time will never come when the other towns—let them swell and bluster as they may—will not pronounce the name of Bursley as one pronounces the name of one's mother. Add to this that the Square was the centre of Bursley's retail trade (which scorned the staple as something wholesale, vulgar, and assuredly filthy), and you will comprehend the importance and the self-isolation of the square in the scheme of the created universe. There you have it, embedded in the district and the district embedded in the county, and the county lost and dreaming in the heart of England.

—From *The Old Wives' Tale.*

JOSEPH CONRAD

(TEODOR JOZEF KONRAD KORZENIOWSKI)

(1856-1924)

"..........His descriptions of the sea, in calm and tempest, create a sense of reality such as only a few great poets have rivalled, and no one writes with more wealth of experience. One wonders whether a storm has ever been described with so mighty a *crescendo* as in *Typhoon*."

—BERNARD GROOM, *A Literary History of England.*

A FIGHT AGAINST A TYPHOON

JUKES was as ready a man as any half-dozen young mates that may be caught by casting a net upon the waters ; and though he had been somewhat taken aback by the startling viciousness of the first squall, he had pulled himself together on the instant, had called out the hands and had rushed them along to secure such openings about the deck as had not been already battened down earlier in the evening. Shouting in his fresh, stentorian voice, "Jump, boys, and bear a hand ! " he led in the work, telling himself the while that he had " just expected this."

But at the same time he was growing aware that this was rather more than he had expected. From the first stir of the air felt on his cheek the gale seemed to take upon itself the accumulated impetus of an avalanche. Heavy sprays enveloped the *Nan-Shan* from stem to stern, and instantly in the midst of her regular rolling she began to jerk and plunge as though she had gone mad with fright.

Jukes thought, " This is no joke." While he was exchanging explanatory yells with his captain, a sudden lowering of the darkness came upon the night, falling before their vision like something palpable. It was as if the masked lights of the world had been turned down. Jukes

was uncritically glad to have his captain at hand. It relieved him as though that man had, by simply coming on deck, taken most of the gale's weight upon his shoulders. Such is the prestige, the privilege, and the burden of command.

Captain MacWhirr could expect no relief of that sort from anyone on earth. Such is the loneliness of command. He was trying to see, with that watchful manner, of a seaman who stares into the wind's eye as if into the eye of an adversary, to penetrate the hidden intention and guess the aim and force of the thrust. The strong wind swept at him out of a vast obscurity ; he felt under his feet the uneasiness of his ship, and he could not even discern the shadow of her shape. He wished it were not so ; and very still he waited, feeling stricken by a blind man's helplessness.

To be silent was natural to him, dark or shine. Jukes, at his elbow, made himself heard yelling cheerily in the gusts, "We must have got the worst of it at once, sir." A faint burst of lightning quivered all round, as if flashed into a cavern—into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests.

It unveiled for a sinister, fluttering moment a ragged mass of clouds hanging low, the lurch of the long outlines of the ship, the black figures of men caught on the bridge heads forward, as if petrified in the act of butting. The darkness palpitated down upon all this, and then the real thing came at last.

It was something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a vial of wrath. It seemed to explode all round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a

rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward. In an instant the men lost touch of each other. This is the disintegrating power of a great wind; it isolates one from one's kind. An earthquake, a landslip, an avalanche, overtake a man incidentally, as it were—without passion. A furious gale attacks him like a personal enemy, tries to grasp his limbs, fastens upon his mind, seeks to rout his very spirit out of him.

Jukes was driven away from his commander. He fancied himself whirled a great distance through the air. Everything disappeared—even, for a moment, his power of thinking; but his hand had found one of the rail-stanchions. His distress was by no means alleviated by an inclination to disbelieve the reality of this experience. Though young, he had seen some bad weather, and had never doubted his ability to imagine the worst; but this was so much beyond his powers of fancy that it appeared incompatible with the existence of any ship whatever. He would have been incredulous about himself in the same way, perhaps, had he not been so harassed by the necessity of exerting a wrestling effort against a force trying to tear him away from his hold. Moreover, the conviction of not being utterly destroyed returned to him through the sensations of being half drowned, bestially shaken, and partly choked.

It seemed to him he remained there precariously alone with the stanchion for a long, long time. The rain poured on him, flowed, drove in sheets. He breathed in gasps, and sometimes the water he swallowed was fresh and sometimes it was salt. For the most part he kept his eyes shut tight, as if suspecting his sight might be destroyed

in the immense fury of the elements. When he ventured to blink hastily, he derived some moral support from the green gleam of the starboard light shining feebly upon the flight of rain and sprays. He was actually looking at it when its ray fell upon the uprearing sea which put it out. He saw the head of the wave topple over, adding the mite of its crash to the tremendous uproar raging around him, and almost at the same instant the stanchion was wrenched away from his embracing arms. After a crushing thump on his back he found himself suddenly afloat and borne upwards. His first irresistible notion was that the whole China Sea had climbed on the bridge. Then, more sanely, he concluded himself gone overboard. All the time he was being tossed, flung, and rolled in great volumes of water, he kept on repeating mentally, with the utmost precipitation, the words : "My God ! My God ! My God ! My God ! "

All at once, in a revolt of misery and despair, he formed the crazy resolution to get out of that. And he began to thresh about with his arms and legs. But as soon as he commenced his wretched struggles he discovered that he had become somehow mixed up with a face, an oilskin coat, somebody's boots. He clawed ferociously all these things in turn, lost them, found them again, lost them once more, and finally was himself caught in the firm clasp of a pair of stout arms. He returned the embrace closely round a thick solid body. He had found his captain.

They tumbled over and over, tightening their hug. Suddenly the water let them down with a brutal bang ; and stranded against the side of the wheelhouse, out of

breath and bruised, they were left to stagger up in the wind and hold on where they could.

Jukes came out of it rather horrified, as though he had escaped some unparalleled outrage directed at his feelings. It weakened his faith in himself. He started shouting aimlessly to the man he could feel near him in that fiendish blackness, "Is it you, sir? Is it you, sir?" till his temples seemed ready to burst. And he heard in answer a voice, as if crying far away, as if screaming to him fretfully from a very great distance, the one word "Yes!" Other seas swept again over the bridge. He received them defencelessly right over his bare head, with both his hands engaged in holding.

The motion of the ship was extravagant. Her lurches had an appalling helplessness: she pitched as if taking a header into a void, and seemed to find a wall to hit every time. When she rolled she fell on her side headlong, and she would be righted back by such a demolishing blow that Jukes felt her reeling as a clubbed man reels before he collapses. The gale howled and scuffled about gigantically in the darkness, as though the entire world were one black gully. At certain moments the air streamed against the ship as if sucked through a tunnel with a concentrated solid force of impact that seemed to lift her clean out of the water and keep her up for an instant with only a quiver running through her from end to end. And then she would begin her tumbling again as if dropped back into a boiling cauldron. Jukes tried hard to compose his mind and judge things coolly.

The sea, flattened down in the heavier gusts, would uprise and overwhelm both ends of the *Nan-Shan* in snowy

rushes of foam, expanding wide, beyond both rails, into the night. And on this dazzling sheet, spread under the blackness of the clouds and emitting a bluish glow, Captain MacWhirr could catch a desolate glimpse of a few tiny specks black as ebony, the tops of the hatches, the battened companions, the heads of the covered winches, the foot of a mast. This was all he could see of his ship. Her middle structure, covered by the bridge which bore him, his mate, the closed wheelhouse where a man was steering shut up with the fear of being swept overboard together with the whole thing in one great crash—her middle structure was like a half-tide rock awash upon a coast. It was like an outlying rock with the water boiling up streaming over, pouring off, beating round—like a rock in the surf to which shipwrecked people cling before they let go—only it rose, it sank, it rolled continuously, without respite and rest, like a rock that should have miraculously struck adrift from a coast and gone wallowing upon the sea.

The *Nan-Shan* was being looted by the storm with a senseless, destructive fury : trysails torn out of the extra gaskets, double-lashed awnings blown away, bridge swept clean, weather-clothes burst, rails twisted, light-screens smashed—and two of the boats had gone already. They had gone unheard and unseen, melting, as it were, in the shock and smother of the wave. It was only later, when upon the white flash of another high sea hurling itself amidships, Jukes had a vision of two pairs of davits leaping black and empty out of the solid blackness, with one overhauled fall flying and an iron-bound block capering in the air, that he became aware of what had happened within about three yards of his back.

He poked his head forward, groping for the ear of his commander. His lips touched it—big, fleshy, very wet. He cried in an agitated tone, "Our boats are going now, sir."

And again he heard that voice, forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the gale; again he heard a man's voice—the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when heavens fall, and justice is done—again he heard it, and it was crying to him, as if from very, very far—"All right."

He thought he had not managed to make himself understood. "Our boats—I say boats—the boats, sir! Two gone!"

The same voice, within a foot of him, and yet so remote, yelled sensibly, "Can't be helped."

Captain MacWhirr had never turned his face, but Jukes caught some more words on the wind.

"What can—expect—when hammering through—such —Bound to leave—something behind—stands to reason."

Watchfully Jukes listened for more. No more came. This was all Captain MacWhirr had to say; and Jukes could picture to himself rather than see the broad squat back before him. An impenetrable obscurity pressed down upon the ghostly glimmers of the sea. A dull conviction seized upon Jukes that there was nothing to be done.

If the steering-gear did not give way, if the immense volumes of water did not burst the deck in or smash one

of the hatches, if the engines did not give up, if way could be kept on the ship against this terrific wind, and she did not bury herself in one of these awful seas, of whose white crests alone, topping high above her bows, he could now and then get a sickening glimpse—then there was a chance of her coming out of it. Something within him seemed to turn over, bringing uppermost the feeling that the *Nan-Shan* was lost.

"She's done for," he said to himself, with a surprising mental agitation, as though he had discovered an unexpected meaning in this thought. One of these things was bound to happen. Nothing could be prevented now, and nothing could be remedied. The men on board did not count, and the ship could not last. This weather was too impossible.

Jukes felt an arm thrown heavily over his shoulders; and to this overture he responded with great intelligence by catching hold of his captain round the waist.

They stood clasped thus in the blind night, bracing each other against the wind, cheek to cheek and lip to ear, in the manner of two hulks lashed stem to stern together.

And Jukes heard the voice of his commander hardly any louder than before, but nearer, as though, starting to march athwart the prodigious rush of the hurricane, it had approached him, bearing that strange effect of quietness like the serene glow of a halo.

"D'ye know where the hands got to?" it asked, vigorous and evanescent at the same time, overcoming the strength of the wind and swept away from Jukes instantly.

Jukes didn't know. They were all on the bridge when the real force of the hurricane struck the ship. He had no

idea where they had crawled to. Under the circumstances they were nowhere, for all the use that could be made of them. Somehow the Captain's wish to know distressed Jukes.

"Want the hands, sir?" he cried apprehensively.

"Ought to know," asserted Captain MacWhirr. "Hold hard."

They held hard. An outburst of unchained fury, a vicious rush of the wind absolutely steadied the ship; she rocked only, quick and light like a child's cradle, for a terrific moment of suspense, while the whole atmosphere, as it seemed, streamed furiously past her, roaring away from the tenebrous earth.

It suffocated them, and with eyes shut they tightened their grasp. What from the magnitude of the shock might have been a column of water running upright in the dark, butted against the ship, broke short, and fell on her bridge, crushingly, from on high, with a dead burying weight.

A flying fragment of that collapse, a mere splash, enveloped them in one swirl from their feet over their heads, filling violently their ears, mouths and nostrils with salt water. It knocked out their legs, wrenched in haste at their arms, seethed away swiftly under their chins; and opening their eyes, they saw the piled-up masses of foam dashing to and fro amongst what looked like the fragments of a ship. She had given way as if driven straight in. Their panting hearts yielded too before the tremendous blow; and all at once she sprang up again to her desperate plunging, as if trying to scramble out from under the ruins.

The seas in the dark seemed to rush from all sides

to keep her back where she might perish. There was hate in the way she was handled, and a ferocity in the blows that fell. She was like a living creature thrown to the rage of a mob ; hustled terribly, struck at, borne up, flung down, leaped upon. Captain MacWhirr and Jukes kept hold of each other, deafened by the noise, gagged by the wind ; and the great physical tumult beating about their bodies, brought, like an unbridled display of passion, a profound trouble to their souls. One of these wild and appalling shrieks that are heard at times passing mysteriously overhead in the steady roar of a hurricane, swooped, as if borne on winds, upon the ship, and Jukes tried to out-scream it.

" Will she live through this ? "

The cry was wrenched out of his breast. It was as unintentional as the birth of a thought in the head, and he heard nothing of it himself. It all became extinct at once —thought, intention, effort—and of his cry the inaudible vibration added to the tempest waves of the air.

He expected nothing from it. Nothing at all. For indeed what answer could be made ? But after a while he heard with amazement the frail and resisting voice in his ear, the dwarf sound, unconquered in the giant tumult.

" She may ! "

—From *Typhoon.*

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JOHN DRINKWATER

(*b.* 1882)

". . . . the patriotism which has been the subject of this essay is something more than the utilitarian compact made between the citizens of a State for the purposes of defence against foreign encroachments. The patriotism of our inquiry is a spiritual force, a mood, an energy that aims at no material advantages, a delight as natural and uncalculating as the pleasure we take in sunlight or sound limbs."

—JOHN DRINKWATER, *Patriotism in Literature.*

PUBLIC PATRIOTISM: THE STATESMAN

PATRIOTISM, or love of country, is a theme that has been hardly less engaging to literature than the eternal inspirations of the seasons, and beauty's passing, and the approach of death, or the love of woman itself. Infinitely various though the emotion may be in its expression, it is, nevertheless, almost universal. Sometimes, it is true, the love of country takes on a strange and almost unrecognisable character. There are men, as we shall see, whose pride in their homeland incites them to habitual reproach. There are even a few who may be said not to love their country at all, unhappy spirits who, indeed, are at odds with mankind, and spend their disaffection chiefly upon their own country because it is nearest to hand. But these last are but a small, though often violently irritant, minority in society, and although their voices are loud, the world goes its way through the ages unconcerned and unaffected by them. Those others who, loving their country, yet seldom have a good word for her, are not always the least valuable patriots. But for the present our business is with the generality of men and women, who consciously love the country of which they are citizens, and are ready to confess their loyalty in their

words and in their lives.

This majority consists of two clearly definable groups. In the first, and the smaller group, are the citizens who in some way or another make public service to the State part of their professed occupation in life. The second, and by far the larger group, is composed of the millions of men and women who serve the State not in any public office or employment, but in the faithful conduct of their own private affairs. It is upon the first of these groups that the responsibility rests of expressing the will and the spirit of the second group in political action and the assertion of national ideals in unequivocal terms. The duty thus incurred brings with it particular opportunity for giving clear and widely communicated utterance to the patriotic idea plainly and directly, and we should, in fact, find that in any representative selection of patriotic literature liberal attention would have to be given to the utterances of statesmen and acknowledged leaders of the people in political activity. But that vastly greater group, the people whom the statesman represents, or is supposed to represent, in the shaping or directing of policy, is by no means inarticulate in its patriotic fervours. It is from them that has come the great body of literature, and of poetry in particular, a body never more vigorous and impressive than it has been of late years, that tells of the tenderness with which the individual citizen cherishes and remembers his homeland, the very acre, as it were, of his own possession, the soil in which, come what chance may, his roots are fixed. This patriotism, sometimes it would seem so narrowly local as to overlook the presiding interests of the State, and yet in truth an emotion from

which the State draws a great part of its establishment and honour, will claim due attention in this essay. But first we are to consider some characteristic example of the literature that has grown up round public service or statesmanship.

It is to be remembered that public office, while it affords peculiar opportunities for patriotic exposition, is also peculiarly beset by the temptations of false prophecy. Nothing more readily corrupts the judgment and distorts the vision than the atmosphere of the hustings and the heat of debate. A man is never more likely to deceive himself than in the rhetoric of the platform, and so it is that of the many thousands of speeches made year by year in the stress of political conflict, only a stray one here and there will seem anything but false and hollow under examination a month after its delivery. To accuse politicians as a class of dishonest designs in consequence is to be too exacting. But that the majority of them encourage a habit in their minds which is all against constructive thought and fearless expression there can be no doubt. The successful politician more often than not is a man who is content to modulate his intelligence to what he conceives to be the average level of his audience, and to be careless of the censure that he may earn from the few wise and just men among them. Our own generation has not been more wanting than others in examples of men who have risen to the highest eminence in the State by the advancement of principles which, unless the self-deception has become complete, they cannot but despise in their conscience. We have all heard such as these, appealing to passions of aggression and cupidity which, although

happily they are not dominant in the individual, are easily aroused in the mob, and regarding with indifference the reproach of the few who cannot be so seduced. Universal suffrage has much to commend it ; it is, indeed, on the whole, the least unsatisfactory form of election that can be suggested for our modern needs. But as Bolingbroke, a statesman and patriot who will have a good deal to say to our purpose, asserts: "We must tell ourselves once for all, that perfect schemes are not adapted to our imperfect State," and universal suffrage, indispensable as it is, unquestionably has the defect of betraying all but the very finest minds in public office into the flattery of what they know to be unworthy ideals, and the fear of any resolute advocacy of their own best understanding. A vote is a vote, and ninety votes stampeded by unscrupulous oratory are worth exactly nine times as much as ten votes persuaded by knowledge, by incorruptible temper, and by a responsible investigation of truth. And so it is that our State, while it is generally happy in being rid of tyrants, is also generally embarrassed, and even distracted, for want of a leader.

So long ago as 1713, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, the minister who under Queen Anne was responsible for the Peace of Utrecht, discovered that honest thinking and plain speaking could not indefinitely survive the onsets of political intrigue. The story of his fall and exile, with a price, as it were, upon his head, does not concern us here. But in his enforced retirement from public life he wrote certain discourses in which are to be found some of the clearest deliberations upon patriotism ever written by an Englishman. Bolingbroke was accused by Walpole

of being a danger to the State, on no evidence that will now stand scrutiny; honest men are apt to be thought that, and Bolingbroke, whatever may have been his faults of political temper, was an honest man. Also he had taste and learning, was the friend of Swift and Gray and Congreve and Pope, the last-named of whom honoured him with the dedication of his *Essay on Man*, and he had the admirable lucidity of mind that means the gift of style to a writer. And so, degraded from public office, and forbidden the opportunity of service that was his only ambition, he, nevertheless, suffered his misfortune with perfect dignity, and never for a moment allowed the remorselessness of his political enemies to embitter his love of England. Bolingbroke's view is necessarily that of a statesman in authority, authority, as he insisted, of no less responsibility in opposition than in government. Of the virtue of patriotism in the private citizen he has little to say; indeed, as is not unnatural in a man pleading a special cause, he is almost inclined to forget the immense part that the private citizen's loyalty plays in the life of the State:

> "I have sometimes represented to myself the *vulgar*, who are accidentally distinguished by the titles of king and subject, of lord and vassal, of nobleman and peasant; and the *few* who are distinguished by nature so essentially from the herd of mankind, that (figure apart) they seem to be of another species, in this manner. The former come into the world, and continue in it, like *Dutch travellers* in a foreign country. Everything they meet has the grace of novelty: and they are fond alike of everything that is new. They

wander about from one object to another of vain curiosity, or inelegant pleasure. If they are industrious, they shew their industry in copying signs, and collecting mottos and epitaphs. They loiter or they trifle away their time: and their presence or their absence would be equally unperceived, if caprice or accident did not raise them often to stations, wherein their stupidity, their vices, or their follies, make them a public misfortune. The latter come into the world, or at least continue in it after the effects of surprise and inexperience are over, like men who are sent on more important errands. They observe with distinction, they admire with knowledge. They may indulge themselves in pleasure; but as their industry is not employed about trifles, so their amusements are not made the business of their lives. Such men cannot pass unperceived through a country. If they retire from the world, their splendour accompanies them, and enlightens even the obscurity of their retreat. If they take a part in public life, the effect is never indifferent. They either appear like ministers of divine vengeance and their course through the world is marked by desolation and oppression, by poverty and servitude: or they are the guardian angels of the country they inhabit, busy to avert even the most distant evil, and to maintain or to procure peace, plenty, and, the greatest of human blessings, liberty."

From this one may gather Bolingbroke's general temper of mind, with the excusable limitations, suggested rather than explicit, of its attitude towards citizens who

have no direct share in government. But, if we admit his preoccupation, as we reasonably may, we shall find Bolingbroke's patriotic argument clear and constructive, and generally unassailable. He has no illusions about those rhetorical dangers that have been mentioned.

> "Others with better parts, perhaps with more presumption, but certainly with greater ridicule, have persisted in making these essays towards business all their lives, and have never been able to advance farther, in their political course, than a premeditated harangue on some choice subject. I never saw one of three important persons sit down after his oration, with repeated hear-hims ringing in his ears, and inward rapture glowing in his eyes, that he did not recall to my memory the story of a conceited member of some Parliament in *France*, who was overheard, after his tedious harangue, muttering most devoutly to himself, *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam* !"

He insists on the necessity of service being continuous; that it cannot be achieved by capricious enthusiasms ; that all persuasion is worthless unless it is founded upon patiently acquired and exact knowledge.

> "Look about you, and you will see men eager to speak, and keen to act, when particular occasions press them, or particular motives excite them, but quite unprepared for either : and hence all that superficiality in speaking, for want of information."

Not that Bolingbroke underrates eloquence, which, he says :

> "........has charms to lead mankind, and gives

a nobler superiority than power that every dunce may use, or fraud that every knave may employ. But eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth a little frothy water on some gaudy day, and remain dry the rest of the year. The famous orators of *Greece and Rome* were the statesmen and ministers of those commonwealths. The nature of their governments and the humour of those ages made elaborate orations necessary. They harangued oftener than they debated; and the *ars dicendi* required more study and more exercise of mind, and of body too, among them, than are necessary among us. But as much pains as they took in learning how to conduct the stream of eloquence, they took more to enlarge the fountain from which it flowed."

It is indeed ignorance that is the most malign influence in statesmanship in public patriotism, as in all human affairs. Nor can this ignorance commonly be excused on the ground of a mere natural poverty of spirit. It is the ignorance of wanton neglect, of idleness. In no age perhaps has this been so unhappily true as in our own. Just as universal suffrage, with its resultant evils, must be accepted as the best instrument for its purpose that society has yet been able to design, so it needs the most ardent obscurantist to deny the obvious merits of universal education. But the cause of universal education is not advanced by refusal to see where at present it has failed, as it was bound to do. It is no matter for despair, but the fact is that in our present state of universal half-education we have a very great number of people encour-

aged by the ever-growing activities of modern journalism to express themselves in public upon all manner of subjects on which they are not in any sufficient sense informed. The little learning that is a dangerous thing has never played such havoc with the public mind as it does to-day. On all hands we find pretended critics of painting, of music, of poetry, of the drama, of the conduct of life and of the principles of government, who have hardly a smattering of knowledge of the tradition of the arts, of social philosophy or of history, and, consequently, are wholly without standards by which to judge. Instructed people when confronted with this ignorance are unharmed by it, knowing it for what it is, but we are all uninstructed on many things, and we easily form a habit of listening to these oracles without examining their credentials, and are duly misinformed for our pains. Both in the arts and in public life there are men who have honourably submitted themselves through the necessary discipline, and have acquired a general knowledge from which to argue to the particular case, but they are few. Universal education in its present early stage of development is followed by a cynical dissemination of ill-considered conclusions that makes any clear and well-founded public opinion among us on any subject almost impossible. It is to be repeated, that this is not to dismiss the system as a failure; it is merely to recognise the most dangerous trouble of its early growth. And it is in public life that the trouble is most dangerous. The arts, however they may be misrepresented by ignorance, remain safely in the care of the artists, who as a body are incorruptible. The artist, whatever else he may be, is never intellectually lazy. But

in public life indolence of mind is to be found not only in the critics but also in the administrators. And the present state of Europe is a sufficiently shattering answer to the contention that in our modern society demagogic government is more suitable than one influenced by historical learning and the application of ideas drawn from those achievements of the race that have survived all change. It is this loyal and difficult preparation for office that so few of our public men are willing to undertake, and since they are no longer dependent on the suffrages of an instructed few, and know that the popular scrutiny to which they have to submit for their position will be even less securely informed than they are themselves, they are under little enough practical obligation to mend their ways. And so our statesmen, if statesmen they may be called, have, with a very few and often, in the popular mind, discredited exceptions, become bankrupt in the profounder kind of patriotism that controls immediate passions, however noble they may be, to wisely considered and far-seeing ends. They are not lacking in courage, they will fight, they will gesticulate, they will defend our honour to the world in fearless terms, but they will not learn, for the pursuit of learning demands a devotion and a frankness of spirit that they despise, or at best do not understand. They would serve, but they will not instruct themselves nor be instructed. Alexander the Great, Bacon tells us, " was bred and taught under Aristotle the great philosopher, who dedicated divers of his books of philosophy unto him ; he was attended with Callisthenes and divers other learned persons, that followed him in camp, throughout his journeys and conquests." And Montaigne (or Florio in English)

praises the Emperor Vespasian for that, "lying sick of the disease whereof he died, he omitted not to endeavour to understand the state of the empire." How shall those triflers in our public life, who ridicule or are unaware of all Aristotles, and make no effort to understand anything, justify Roger Ascham's challenge that "lords be lanterns to lead the life of mean men"?

The public patriotism of statesmanship, then, cannot make up in zeal for the neglect of wisdom. Zeal it must have, but it must be informed beyond caprice. And the great statesman in history whose utterances have survived the fervours and prejudices of their occasions, and can still move us by their universal fitness, have always been men of learning and intellectual industry. We cannot easily emphasise the argument by pointing to the demagogues whose words have not so endured: their very names are forgotten. But to think of Bacon and Milton and Bolingbroke and Burke and Macaulay and Disraeli and Lincoln is to think of men all of whom neglected no opportunities open to them to strengthen their control of government by familiarity with the examples and the ends of history. Hear Edmund Burke lamenting the decay of chivalry—

> "If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private

men to be fellows with kings. Without force, or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners."

How pointed and persuasive the argument becomes when it is placed thus gently in the perspective of scholarship. And, again, what lessons in irony might not be learnt, by some of our leaders who when pressed have no weapon of defence but a clumsy humour, from the easy historical grasp and range of Burke's answer to the Duke of Bedford :

"I know not how it has happened, but it really seems that, whilst his grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods; and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even in his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced, and incongruously put together, his grace preserved his idea of reproach to *me*, but took the subject-matter from crown grants to *his own family*. This is 'the stuff of which his dreams are made.' In that way of putting things together his grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Russell were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his

whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray,—everything of him and about him is the throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the royal favour?

"I am really at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds; and these services of mine, on the favourable construction of which I have obtained what his grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble duke. But I ought to presume, and it cost me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why truly it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services, and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal; his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his grace so very delicate and exceptious about the merit of all other grantees of the crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said, 'tis his estate; that's enough. It is his law; what have I to do with it

or its history? He would naturally have said on his side, 'tis this man's fortune.—He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions; he is an old man with very young pensions,—that's all."

This, it may seem, is the witty employment of an informed mind to personal rather than to patriotic ends. But the passage, apart from its immediate purpose, is a perfect illustration of the temper by which patriot government thrives. It displays a temper shrewd, humorous, slow to anger but dangerous in attack, and conscious even in its lighter moods of all that history has to show ". . . . of exultations, agonies, And love, and man's unconquerable mind." Or, again, hear Milton, eloquent upon an argument now forgotten (though some never despair of renewing it). But how many men have been eloquent on forgotten arguments, when eloquence and argument alike have perished, while Milton's eloquence remains, because it is founded on knowledge, and because he scrutinises his particular idea in the general light of history.

"If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they

do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and the madrigals, that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also and the balconies must be thought on, there are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads to the ballatry, and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias and his Monte Mayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? Who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? And what shall be done to inhabit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state. To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably."

Finally, in illustration of the authority that patriotism can derive from a due sense of perspective, and from no other faculty, may be chosen Abraham Lincoln's speech on the field of Gettysburg, when in a few words he assembles the past, the present and the future into one sublime emotion.

> " Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation,

under God, shall have a new birth of freedom ; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In summary, then, the statesman who would shape the honourable ideals of his country to action and give back to the people their own confused national ambitions clearly defined, and corrected when necessary by his wider experience, must have this twofold qualification for his work. He must, in the first place, be a man of natural parts ; that is, his wit, as Hobbes puts it, must be informed not by acquired but by natural virtues. "By Naturall," says Hobbes in *Leviathan* :

> "I mean not, that which a man hath from his Birth : for that is nothing else but Sense ; wherein men differ so little one from another, and from brute Beasts, as it is not to be reckoned amongst Vertues. But I mean, that *Wit,* which is gotten by Use only, and Experience, without Method, Culture, or Instruction. This Naturall Wit, consisteth principally in two things ; *Celerity of Imagining,* (that is, swift succession of one thought to another ;) and *steady direction* to some approved end. On the Contrary, a slow Imagination, maketh that Defect, or fault of the mind, which is commonly called Dulnesse, *Stupidity,* and sometimes by other name that signifie slownesse of motion, or difficulty to be moved."

But this natural virtue has to be supported in the statesman by an unwearying discipline of mind. "Ability of Counselling," Hobbes tells us in another part of his book,

> "proceedeth from Experience, and long study ; and

no man is presumed to have experience in all those things that to the Administration of a great Commonwealth are necessary to be known, *No man is presumed to be a good Counsellour, but in such Businesse, as he hath not onely been much versed in, but hath also much meditated on, and considered.* For seeing the businesse of a Commonwealth is this, to preserve the people in Peace at home, and defend them against forraign Invasion, we shall find, it requires great knowledge of the disposition of Mankind, of the Rights of Government, and of the nature of Equity, Law, Justice and Honour, not to be attained without study."

And, one of the "best signs of Knowledge of any Art," says Hobbes again, is "much conversing in it," and, "The most able Counsellours" are they who have "most knowledge of those things that conduce to the Peace, and Defence of the Common-wealth." The statesman must prepare his mind to the habit of judging what will be the future effects of his present actions from the relation that he has learnt to find always between these actions and the actions of history. Bolingbroke again can instruct us :

"We may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate relations, and their direct tendencies : and a sight like this serves well enough the purpose of those who concern themselves no further. The cunning

minister is one of those : he neither sees, nor is concerned to see, any further than his personal interests, and the support of his administration require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of these effectually, gains a little time by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train, on the great event ; which amounts often to no more than this, that he got into distress by one series of faults, and out of it by another. The wise minister sees, and is concerned to see further, because government has a further concern : he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that, which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought. He considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government ; but as a day that is effected by those which went before, and that must effect those which are to follow."

The statesman, while not neglecting the art of public eloquence, must be aware of its seduction, and remember that the rhetoric that will deceive a mob will deceive himself also. Hobbes reminds him of this danger :

"....how able soever be the Counsellours in any affaire, the benefit of their Counsell is greater, when they give every one his Advice, and the reasons of it apart, than when they do it in an Assembly, by way of Orations ; and when they have præmeditated,

than when they speak on the sudden ; both because they have more time, to survey the consequences of action ; and are lesse subject to be carried away to contradiction, through Envy, Emulation, or other Passion arising from the difference of opinion."

Finally, he must apply himself not on critical or spectacular occasions only, but at all hours to his service. So that when he is called upon to bring inspiration to the sudden and unexpected turns of policy, he must be able to do so with an authority based upon long and exact contemplation. As Bernard Bosanquet puts it : "First, your love of country is not to be presented in the light of yearning for occasional acts of heroism, but as a daily sober loyalty."

—From *Patriotism in Literature.*

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JOHN GALSWORTHY

(1867-1933)

". . . . .Mr. Galsworthy is a lawyer. He is cautious, restrained, and dignified. Though he has immense sympathy with suffering and is disturbed by social inequalities, he is always judicial, always calm, examining but not denouncing, eager to understand situations and characters that are most antipathetic to him."

—JOHN DRINKWATER, *The Outline of Literature.*

THE MAN WHO KEPT HIS FORM

In these days every landmark is like Alice's flamingo-croquet-mallet—when you refer to it, the creature curls up into an interrogation mark and looks into your face; and every cornerstone resembles her hedgehog-croquet-ball, which, just before you can use it, gets up and walks away. The old flavours of life are out of fashion, the old scents considered stale; 'gentleman' is a word to sneer at, and 'form' a sign of idiocy.

And yet there are families in the British Isles in which gentility has persisted for hundreds of years, and though you may think me old-fashioned and romantic, I am convinced that such gentlefolk often have a certain quality, a kind of inner pluck bred into them, which is not to be despised at all.

This is why I tell you my recollections of Miles Ruding.

My first sight of him—if a new boy may look at a monitor—was on my rather wretched second day at a Public School. The three other pups who occupied an attic with me had gone out, and I was ruefully considering whether I had a right to any wall-space on which to hang two small oleographs depicting very scarlet horsemen on

very bay horses, jumping very brown hedges, which my mother had bought me, thinking they might be suitable to the manly taste for which Public Schools are celebrated. I had taken them out of my playbox, together with the photographs of my parents and eldest sister, and spread them all on the window-seat. I was gazing at the little show lugubriously when the door was opened by a boy in 'tails'.

'Hallo ! ' he said. 'You new ? '

'Yes,' I answered in a mouselike voice.

'I'm Ruding. Head of the House. You get an allowance of two bob weekly when it's not stopped. You'll see the fagging lists on the board. You don't get any fagging the first fortnight. What's your name ? '

'Bartlet.'

'Oh ! Ah !' He examined a piece of paper in his hand. 'You're one of mine. How are you getting on ? '

'Pretty well.'

'That's all right.' He seemed about to withdraw, so I asked him hastily : 'Please, am I allowed to hang these pictures ? '

'Rather—any pictures you like. Let's look at them ! ' He came forward. When his eyes fell on the array, he said abruptly : 'Oh ! Sorry !' and, taking up the oleos, he turned his back on the photographs. A new boy is something of a psychologist out of sheer fright, and when he said 'Sorry !' because his eyes had fallen on the effigies of my people, I felt somehow that he couldn't be a beast. 'You got these at Tompkins', he said. 'I had the same my first term. Not bad. I should put 'em up here.'

While he was holding them to the wall I took a

'squint' at him. He seemed to me of a fabulous height—about five feet ten, I suppose ; thin, and bolt upright. He had a stick-up collar—' barmaids ' had not yet come in—but not a very high one, and his neck was rather long. His hair was peculiar, dark and crisp, with a reddish tinge; and his dark-grey eyes were small and deep in, his cheek-bones rather high, his cheeks thin and touched with freckles. His nose, chin, and cheekbones all seemed a little large for his face as yet. If I may put it so, there was a sort of unfinished finish about him. But he looked straight and had a nice smile.

'Well, young Bartlet,' he said, handing me back the pictures, 'buck up, and you'll be all right.'

I put away my photographs, and hung the oleos. Ruding ! The name was familiar. Among the marriages in my family pedigree, such as '—daughter of Fitz-herbert,' 'daughter of Tastborough,' occurred the entry : 'daughter of Ruding'—some time before the Civil War. Daughter of Ruding ! This demigod might be a far-off kinsman. But I felt I should never dare to tell him of the coincidence.

Miles Ruding was not brilliant, but pretty good at everything. He was not well dressed—you did not think of dress in connection with him either one way or the other. He was not exactly popular—being reserved, far from showy, and not rich—but he had no 'side' and never either patronised or abused his juniors. He was not indul-gent to himself or others, but he was very just ; and, unlike many monitors, seemed to take no pleasure in 'whopping.' He never fell off in ' trials ' at the end of a term, and was always playing as hard at the finish of a match

as at the start. One would have said he had an exacting conscience, but he was certainly the last person to mention such a thing. He never showed his feelings, yet he never seemed trying to hide them, as I used always to be. He was greatly respected without seeming to care ; an independent, self-dependent bird, who would have cut a greater dash if he hadn't been so, as it were, uncreative. In all those two years I only had one at all intimate talk with him, which, after all, was perhaps above the average number, considering the difference in our ages. In my fifth term and Ruding's last but one, there had been some disciplinary rumpus in the house, which had hurt the dignity of the captain of the football 'torpid' eleven—a big Irish boy who played back and was the mainstay of the side. It happened on the eve of our first house match, and the sensation may be imagined when this important person refused to play ; physically and spiritually sore, he declared for the part of Achilles and withdrew to his tent. The house rocked with pro and con. My sympathies, in common with nearly all below the second fifth, lay with Donelly against the sixth form. His defection had left me captain of the side, so that the question whether we could play at all depended on me. If I declared a sympathetic strike, the rest would follow. That evening, after long hours of 'fronde' with other rebellious spirits, I was alone and still in two minds, when Ruding came into my room. He leaned against the door, and said : 'Well, Bartlet, you're not going to rat ? '

'I—I don't think Donelly ought to have been—been whopped,' I stammered.

'That's as may be,' he said, 'but the house comes

first. You know that.'

Torn between the loyalties, I was silent.

'Look here, young Bartlet,' he said suddenly, 'it'll be a disgrace to us all, and it hangs on you.'

'All right,' I said sulkily, 'I'll play.'

'Good chap!'

'But I don't think Donelly ought to have been whopped,' I repeated inanely; 'he's—he's too big.'

Ruding approached till he looked right down on me in my old 'froust,' as we called armchairs. 'One of these days,' he said slowly, 'you'll be head of the house yourself. You'll have to keep up the prestige of the sixth form. If you let great louts like Donelly cheek little weak six-formers with impunity' (I remember how impressed I was by the word), 'you'll let the whole show down. My old governor runs a district in Bengal, about as big as Wales, entirely on prestige. He's often talked to me about it. I hate whopping anybody, but I'd much rather whop a lout like Donelly than I would a little new chap. He's a swine, anyway, for turning the house down because his back is sore.'

'It isn't that,' I said, 'it—it wasn't just.'

'If it was unjust' said Ruding, with what seems to me now extraordinary patience, 'then the whole system's wrong, and that's a pretty big question, young Bartlet. Anyway, it's not for me to decide. I've got to administer what is. Shake hands, and do your damnedest to-morrow, won't you?'

I put out my hand with a show of reluctance, though secretly won over.

We got an awful hiding, but I can still hear Ruding's

voice yelling : ' Well played, Bartlet ! Well pla-a-ayed ! '

I have only one other school recollection of Miles Ruding which lets any real light in on him. On the day he left for good I happened to travel up to Town in the same carriage. He sat looking through the window back at the old Hill, and I distinctly saw a tear run down his cheek. He must have been conscious that I had remarked the phenomenon, for he said suddenly :

'Damn ! I've got a grit in my eye,' and began to pull the eyelid down in a manner which did not deceive me in the least.

I then lost sight of him completely for several years. His people were not well off, and he did not go up to the 'Varsity. He once said to me : ' My family's beastly old, and beastly poor.'

It was during one of my Odysseys in connection with sport that I saw him again. He was growing fruit on a ranch in Vancouver Island. Nothing used to strike a young Englishman travelling in the Colonies more than the difference between what he saw and what all printed matter led him to expect. When I ran across Ruding in the Club at Victoria and he invited me to stay with him, I expected rows of fine trees with large pears and apples hanging on them, a colonial house with a broad verandah, and Ruding in ducks, among rifles and fishing rods, and spirited horses. What I found was a bare new wooden house, not yet painted, in a clearing of the heavy forest. His fruit trees had only just been planted, and he would be lucky if he got a crop within three years. He wore, not white ducks, but blue jeans, and worked about twelve hours a day, felling timber and clearing fresh ground. He

had one horse to ride and drive, and got off for a day's shooting or fishing about once a month. He had three Chinese boys working under him, and lived nearly as sparingly as they. He had been out of England eight years, and this was his second venture—the first in Southern California had failed after three years of drought. He would be all right for water here, he said; which seemed likely enough in a country whose rainfall is superior to that of England.

'How the devil do you stand the loneliness?' I said. Oh! one gets used to it. Besides, this isn't lonely—good Lord, no! you should see some places!'

Living this sort of life, he yet seemed exactly what he used to be—in fact, he had kept his form. He didn't precisely dress for dinner, but he washed. He had English papers sent out to him, and read Victorian poetry, and history natural and unnatural, in the evenings over his pipe. He shaved every day, had his cold tub every morning, and treated his Chinese boys just as he used to treat us new boys at school; so far as I could tell, they seemed to have for him much the feelings we used to have—a respect not amounting to fear, and a liking not quite rising to affection.

'I couldn't live here without a woman,' I said one evening.

He sighed. 'I don't want to mess myself up with anything short of a wife; and I couldn't ask a girl to marry me till the place is fit for her. This fruit-growing's always a gamble at first.'

'You're an idealist,' I said.

He seemed to shrink, and it occurred to me suddenly

that if there were anything he hated, it would be a generalisation like that. But I was in a teasing mood.

'You're keeping up the prestige of the English gentleman.'

His teeth gritted on his pipe-stem. 'I'm dashed if I'm keeping up anything except my end; that's quite enough.'

'And exactly the same thing,' I murmured.

He turned away. I felt he was much annoyed with me for trying to introduce him to self-consciousness. And he was right! It's destructive; and his life held too many destructive elements—silence, solitude, distance from home, and this daily mixing with members of an Eastern race. I used to watch the faces of his Chinese boys—remote as cats, wonderfully carved, and old, and self-sufficient. I appreciate now how much of what was carved and old and self-sufficient Ruding needed in himself to live year in, year out, alone among them, without losing his form. All that week of my visit I looked with diabolical curiosity for some sign of deterioration—of the coarsening or softening which one felt ought naturally to come of such a life. Honestly, I could not find a trace, save that he wouldn't touch whisky, as if he were afraid of it, and shied away at any mention of women.

'Aren't you ever coming home?' I asked when I was taking leave.

'When I've made good here,' he said, 'I shall come back and marry.'

'And then out again?'

'I expect so. I've got no money, you know.'

Four years later I happened to see the following in

The Times : 'Ruding-Fuljambe : At St. Thomas's, Market Harborough, Miles Ruding of Bear Ranch, Vancouver Island, to Blanche, daughter of Charles Fuljambe, J. P., Market Harborough.' So it seemed he had made good! But I wondered what 'daughter of Fuljambe' would make of it out there. Well, I came across Ruding and his wife that very summer at Eastbourne, where they were spending the butt end of their long honeymoon. She was pleasant, pretty, vivacious—too vivacious I felt when I thought of Bear Ranch ; and Ruding himself, under the stimulus of his new venture, was as nearly creative as I ever saw him. We dined and bathed, played tennis and went riding on the Downs together. Daughter of Fuljambe was quite 'a sport'—though, indeed, in 1899 that word had hardly come into use. I confess to wondering why, exactly, she had married my friend, till she gave me the history of it one evening. It seems their families were old neighbours, and when Ruding came back after having been away in the New World for twelve years, he was something of a curiosity, if not of a hero. He had been used to take her out hunting when she was a small child, so that she had an old-time reverence for him. He seemed, in his absence of small-talk and 'side,' superior to the rattle-pated young men about her—here daughter of Fuljambe gave me a sidelong glance—and one day he had done a thing which toppled her into his arms. She was to go to a fancy dress ball one evening as a Chinese lady. But in the morning a cat upset a bottle of ink over her dress and reduced it to ruin. What was to be done? All the elaborate mask of make-up and head-dressing, which she had rehearsed to such perfection, sacrificed for want of a dress to wear it

with! Ruding left that scene of desolation possessed by his one great creative impulse. It seemed that he had in London a Chinese lady's dress which he had brought home with him from San Francisco. No trains from Market Harborough could possibly get him up to Town and back in time, so he had promptly commandeered the only neighbouring motor car, driven it up at a rate which must have approached forty miles an hour—a really fabulous speed for those days—got the dress, sent daughter of Fuljambe a wire, motored back at the same furious pace, and appeared before her door with the dress at eight forty-five. Daughter of Fuljambe received him in her dressing-gown, with her hair combed up and her face beautifully painted. Ruding said quietly: 'Here you are; it's the genuine thing,' and disappeared before she had time to thank him. The dress was superior to the one the cat had spoiled. That night she accepted him. 'Miles didn't properly propose to me,' she said; 'I saw he couldn't bear to, because of what he'd done, so I just had to tell him not to keep his form so awfully. And here we are! He is a dear, isn't he?'

In his dealings with her he certainly was, for she was a self-centred little person.

They went off to Vancouver Island in September. The following January I heard that he had joined a Yeomanry contingent and gone out to fight the Boers. He left his wife in England with her people on his way. I met her once or twice before he was invalided home with enteric. She told me that she had opposed his going, till she found out that it was making him quite miserable. 'And yet, you know,' she said, 'he's really

frightfully devoted.'

When he recovered they went back to Vancouver Island, where he found his ranch so let down that he had to begin nearly all over again. I can imagine what he went through with his dainty and exacting helpmate. She came home in 1904 to get over it, and again I met her out hunting.

'Miles is too good for me,' she said the second day as we were jogging home ; 'he's got such fearful pluck. If only he'd kick his conscience out of the window sometimes. Oh ! Mr. Bartlet, I don't want to go back there—I really don't ; it's simply deadly. But he says if he gives this up he'll be thirty-eight without a thing to show for it, and just have to cadge round for a job, and he won't do that ; but I don't believe I can stand it much longer.'

I wrote to Ruding. His answer was dry and inexpressive, but I could read between the lines : Heaven forbid that he should drag his wife out to him again, but he would have to stick it there another two years ; then, perhaps, he could sell and buy a farm in England. To clear out now would be ruination. He missed his wife awfully, but—one must hoe one's row, and he would rather she stayed with her people than force herself to rough it out there with him.

Then, of course, came that which a man like Ruding, with his loyalty and his sense of form, is the last to imagine possible. Daughter of Fuljambe met a young man in the Buffs or Greens or Blues, and after, I am sure, a struggle—she was not a bad little sort—went off with him. That happened early in 1906, just as he was beginning to see the end of his struggle with Bear Ranch. I felt

very sorry for him, yet inclined to say : 'My dear man, where was your imagination ; couldn't you see this was bound to happen with "daughter of Fuljambe" once she got away from you ?' And yet, poor devil, what could he have done ?

He came home six thousand miles to give her a divorce. A ghoulish curiosity took me into Court. I never had more whole-hearted admiration for Ruding than I had that day, watching him in that pretentiously crooked Court among us tight-lipped, curly-minded lawyers, giving his unemotional evidence. Straight, thin, lined and brown, with grey already in his peculiar coloured hair, his voice low, his eyes unwavering, in all his lonely figure a sad, quiet protest—it was not I only who was moved by the little speech he made to the Judge : 'My Lord, I should like to say that I have no bitter feelings ; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life so far away.' It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the Judge made him, as if saying : 'Sir, as one gentleman to another.' I had meant to get hold of him after the case, but when it came to the point I felt it was the last thing he would want of anyone. He went straight back the six thousand miles and sold his ranch. Cunningham, who used to be in our house, and had a Government post in Esquimault, told me that Ruding made himself quite unpopular over that sale. Some enterprising gentleman, interested in real estate, had reported the discovery of coal seams, which greatly enhanced the value of Bear Ranch and several neighbouring properties. Ruding was offered a big sum. He took it, and had already left the neighbourhood when the report about coal was

duly disproved. Ruding at once offered to cancel the price, and take the agricultural value of the property. His offer was naturally accepted, and the disgust of other owners who had sold on the original report may be imagined. More wedded to the rights of property, they upheld the principle 'Caveat emptor,' and justified themselves by calling Ruding names. With his diminished proceeds he bought another ranch on the mainland.

How he spent the next eight years I only vaguely know. I don't think he came home at all. Cunningham spoke of him as 'Still the same steady-going old chap, awfully respected ; but no one knows him very well. He looks much as he did, except that he's gone grey.'

Then, like a bolt from hell, came the Great War. I can imagine Ruding almost glad. His imagination would not give him the big horror of the thing ; he would see it as the inevitable struggle, the long-expected chance to show what he and his country were made of. And I must confess that on the evidence he seems to have been made of even better stuff than his country. He began by dyeing his hair. By dint of this and by slurring the eight of his age so that it sounded like forty odd, he was accepted, and owing to his Transvaal experience given a commission in Kitchener's army. But he did not get out to France till early in 1916. He was considered by his Colonel the best officer in the regiment for training recruits, and his hair, of course, had soon gone grey again. They said he chafed terribly at being kept at home. In the spring of 1916 he was mentioned in despatches, and that summer was badly gassed on the Somme. I went to see him in hospital. He had grown a little grey moustache, but

otherwise seemed quite unchanged. I grasped at once that he was one of those whose nerve—no matter what happened to him—would see it through. One had the feeling that this would be so as a matter of course, that he himself had not envisaged any other possibility. He was so completely lost in the winning of the war that his own sensations seemed to pass him by. He had become as much of a soldier as the best of those professionally unimaginative stoical creatures, and quite naturally, as if it were in his blood. He dwelt quietly, without visible emotion, in that universal atmosphere of death. All was in the day's work, so long as the country emerged victorious ; nor did there seem the least doubt in his mind but that it would so emerge. A part of me went with him all the way, but a part of me stared at him in curiosity, surprise, admiration, and a sort of contempt, as at a creature too single-hearted and uncomplicated. One side of me was bred like him—armorial bearings, daughter of Ruding, and all the rest of it—the other had new blood with all its doubts and ferments.

I saw him several times in that hospital at Teignmouth where he recovered slowly.

One day I asked him point blank whether one's nerve was not bound to go in time. He looked a little surprised and said rather coldly : 'Not if your heart's in the right place.'

That was it to a T. His heart was so deeply rooted in exactly the right place that nothing external could get at it. Whatever downed Ruding would have to blow him up bodily—there was no detaching his heart from the rest of him. And that's what I mean by an inbred quality,

the inner pluck that you can bet on. I don't say it's not to be found in private soldiers and 'new' people, but not in quite the same—shall we say?—matter-of-course way. When those others have it, they're proud of it or conscious of it, or simply primitively virile and thick-skinned; they don't—like such as Ruding—regard not having it as 'impossible,' a sort of disgrace. If scientists could examine the nerves of men like him, would they discern a faint difference in their colour or texture—the result of generations of nourishment above the average and of a traditional philosophy which for hundreds of years has held fear to be the cardinal offence? I wonder.

He went out again in 1917, and was out for the rest of the war. He did nothing very startling or brilliant; but, as at school, he was always on the ball, finishing as hard as when he started.

At the Armistice he was a Lieutenant-Colonel, and a Major when he was gazetted out, at the age of fifty-three, with the various weaknesses which gas and a prolonged strain leave in a man of that age, but no pensionable disability. He went back to Vancouver. Anyone at all familiar with fruitgrowing knows it for a pursuit demanding the most even and constant attention. When Ruding joined up he had perforce left his ranch in the first hands which came along; and at that time, with almost every rancher in like case, those hands were very poor substitutes for the hands of an owner. He went back to a property practically valueless. He was not in sufficient health to sit down for another long struggle to pull it round, as after the Boer War, so he sold it for a song, and came home again, full of confidence that, with his record, he

would get a job. He found that his case was that of thousands. They didn't want him back in the Army. They were awfully sorry, but they didn't know what they could do for him. The Governmental education and employment schemes, too, seemed all for younger men. He sat down on the song and the savings from his pay to wait for some ship or other out of his fleet of applications to come home. It did not come ; his savings went. How did I know all this ? I will tell you.

One night last January I had occasion to take a cab from a restaurant in Soho to my Club in Pall Mall. It was wet, and I got in hastily. I was sitting there comatose from my good dinner when I had a queer feeling that I knew the back of the driver. It had—what shall I call it ?—a refined look. The man's hair was grey ; and I began trying to recollect the profile I had glimpsed when bolting in. Suddenly with a sort of horror the thought flashed through me : Miles Ruding !

It was !

When I got out and we looked each other in the face, he smiled and my lips quivered. 'Old chap,' I said, 'draw your cab up on that stand and get in with me.'

When we were sitting together in his cab we lighted cigarettes, and didn't speak for quite a minute, till I burst out :

'Look here ! What does this mean ?'

'Bread and butter.'

'Good God ! And this is what the country——'

'Bartlet,' he said, through curiously set lips, with a little fixed smile about the corners, 'cut out all that about the country. I prefer this to any more cadging for a job ;

that's all.'

Silent from shame, I broke out at last : 'It's the limit ! What about the Government schemes ? '

'No go ! they're all for younger men.'

'My dear chap ! ' was all I could find to say.

'This isn't a bad life in good weather,' he went on with that queer smile ; 'I haven't much of a chest now.'

'Do you mean to say you contemplate going on with this ? '

'Till something turns up ; but I'm no good at asking for things, Bartlet ; I simply can't do it.'

'What about your people ? '

'Dead or broke.'

'Come and stay with me till your ship comes home.'

He squeezed my arm and shook his head. That's what's so queer about gentility ! If only I could have established a blood tie ! Ruding would have taken help or support from his kinsfolk—would have inherited without a qualm from a second cousin that he'd never seen ; but from the rest of the world it would be charity. Sitting in that cab of his, he told me, without bitterness, the tale which is that of hundreds since the war. Ruding one could not pity to his face, it would have been impossible. And, when he had finished, I could only mutter :

'Well, I think it's damnable, considering what the country owes you.'

He did not answer. You can say what you like about his limitations, but Miles Ruding was bred to keep his form.

I nearly shook his hand off when I left him, and I could see that he disliked that excessive display of feeling.

From my Club doorway I looked round. He had resumed his driver's seat, and, through the rain, I saw him with the cigarette between his lips, and the lamplight shining on his lean profile. Very still he sat—symbol of that lost cause gentility.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. William Heinemann Ltd.*)

THOMAS HARDY

(1840-1928)

"*Tess of the d'Urbervilles* is popularly regarded as the crown of Hardy's work in fiction. The story of Tess's life and death is powerfully tragic, though the handling is here and there sensational. But no lover of what is characteristic in Hardy can deny that the book contains some of his finest things—the life of Tess at Talbothays, for instance, the dairy-farm with its maids and men, and above all, the desperate flight of Tess with Angel Clare to Stonehenge."

—BERNARD GROOM, *A Literary History of England.*

FULFILMENT

I

MEANWHILE Angel Clare had walked automatically along the way by which he had come, and, entering his hotel, sat down over the breakfast, staring at nothingness. He went on eating and drinking unconsciously till on a sudden he demanded his bill ; having paid which he took his dressing-bag in his hand, the only luggage he had brought with him, and went out.

At the moment of his departure a telegram was handed to him—a few words from his mother, stating that they were glad to know his address, and informing him that his brother Cuthbert had proposed to and been accepted by Mercy Chant.

Clare crumpled up the paper, and followed the route to the station ; reaching it, he found that there would be no train leaving for an hour and more. He sat down to wait, and having waited a quarter of an hour felt that he could wait there no longer. Broken in heart and numbed, he had nothing to hurry for ; but he wished to get out of a town which had been the scene of such an experience, and turned to walk to the first station onward, and let the train pick him up there.

The highway that he followed was open, and at a little distance dipped into a valley, across which it could be seen running from edge to edge. He had traversed the greater part of this depression, and was climbing the western acclivity, when, pausing for breath, he unconsciously looked back. Why he did so he could not say, but something seemed to impel him to the act. The tape-like surface of the road diminished in his rear as far as he could see, and as he gazed a moving spot intruded on the white vacuity of its perspective.

It was a human figure running. Clare waited, with a dim sense that somebody was trying to overtake him.

The form descending the incline was a woman's, yet so entirely was his mind blinded to the idea of his wife's following him that even when she came nearer he did not recognize her under the totally changed attire in which he now beheld her. It was not till she was quite close that he could believe her to be Tess.

'I saw you—turn away from the station—just before I got there—and I have been following you all this way!'

She was so pale, so breathless, so quivering in every muscle, that he did not ask her a single question, but seizing her hand, and pulling it within his arm, he led her along. To avoid meeting any possible wayfarers he left the high road, and took a footpath under some fir-trees. When they were deep among the moaning boughs he stopped and looked at her inquiringly.

'Angel,' she said, as if waiting for this, 'do you know what I have been running after you for? To tell you that I have killed him!' A pitiful white smile lit her face as she spoke.

'What !' said he, thinking from the strangeness of her manner that she was in some delirium.

'I have done it—I don't know how,' she continued. 'Still, I owed it to you, and to myself, Angel. I feared long ago, when I struck him on the mouth with my glove, that I might do it some day for the trap he set for me in my simple youth, and his wrong to you through me. He has come between us and ruined us, and now he can never do it any more. I never loved him at all, Angel, as I loved you. You know it, don't you ? You believe it ? You didn't come back to me, and I was obliged to go back to him. Why did you go away—why did you—when I loved you so ? I can't think why you did it. But I don't blame you ; only, Angel, will you forgive me my sin against you, now I have killed him ? I thought as I ran along that you would be sure to forgive me now I have done that. It came to me as a shining light that I should get you back that way. I could not bear the loss of you any longer—you don't know how entirely I was unable to bear your not loving me ! Say you do now, dear, dear husband ; say you do, now I have killed him ! '

'I do love you, Tess—O, I do—it is all come back ! ' he said, tightening his arms round her with fervid pressure. 'But how do you mean—you have killed him ? '

'I mean that I have,' she murmured in a reverie.

'What bodily ? Is he dead ? '

'Yes. He heard me crying about you, and he bitterly taunted me ; and called you by a foul name ; and then I did it. My heart could not bear it. He had nagged me about you before. And then I dressed myself and came away to find you.'

By degrees he was inclined to believe that she had faintly attempted, at least, what she said she had done; and his horror at her impulse was mixed with amazement at the strength of her affection for himself, and at the strangeness of its quality, which had apparently extinguished her moral sense altogether. Unable to realize the gravity of her conduct she seemed at last content; and he looked at her as she lay upon his shoulder, weeping with happiness, and wondered what obscure strain in the d'Urberville blood had led to this aberration—if it were an aberration. There momentarily flashed through his mind that the family tradition of the coach and murder might have arisen because the d'Urbervilles had been known to do these things. As well as his confused and excited ideas could reason, he supposed that in the moment of mad grief of which she spoke her mind had lost its balance, and plunged her into this abyss.

It was very terrible if true; if a temporary hallucination, sad. But, anyhow, here was this deserted wife of his, this passionately-fond woman, clinging to him without a suspicion that he would be anything to her but a protector. He saw that for him to be otherwise was not, in her mind, within the region of the possible. Tenderness was absolutely dominant in Clare at last. He kissed her endlessly with his white lips, and held her hand, and said—

'I will not desert you! I will protect you by every means in my power, dearest love, whatever you may have done or not have done!'

They then walked on under the trees, Tess turning her head every now and then to look at him. Worn and

unhandsome as he had become, it was plain that she did not discern the least fault in his appearance. To her he was, as of old, all that was perfection, personally and mentally. He was still her Antinous, her Apollo even ; his sickly face was beautiful as the morning to her affectionate regard on this day no less than when she first beheld him ; for was it not the face of the one man on earth who had loved her purely, and who had believed in her as pure.

With an instinct as to possibilities he did not now, as he had intended, make for the first station beyond the town, but plunged still farther under the firs, which here abounded for miles. Each clasping the other round the waist they promenaded over the dry bed of fir-needles, thrown into a vague intoxicating atmosphere at the consciousness of being together at last, with no living soul between them ; ignoring that there was a corpse. Thus they proceeded for several miles till Tess, arousing herself, looked about her, and said, timidly—

'Are we going anywhere in particular ? '

'I don't know, dearest. Why ? '

'I don't know.'

'Well, we might walk a few miles further, and when it is evening find lodging somewhere or other—in a lonely cottage, perhaps. Can you walk well, Tessy ? '

'O yes ! I could walk for ever and ever with your arm round me ! '

Upon the whole it seemed a good thing to do. Thereupon they quickened their pace, avoiding high roads, and following obscure paths tending more or less northward. But there was an unpractical vagueness in their movements

throughout the day ; neither one of them seemed to consider any question of effectual escape, disguise, or long concealment. Their very idea was temporary and unforefending, like the plans of two children.

At mid-day they drew near to a roadside inn, and Tess would have entered it with him to get something to eat, but he persuaded her to remain among the trees and bushes of this half-woodland, half-moorland part of the country, till he should come back. Her clothes were of recent fashion ; even the ivory-handled parasol that she carried was of a shape unknown in the retired spot to which they had now wandered ; and the cut of such articles would have attracted attention in the settle of a tavern. He soon returned, with food enough for half-a-dozen people and two bottles of wine—enough to last them for a day or more, should any emergency arise.

They sat down upon some dead boughs and shared their meal. Between one and two o'clock they packed up the remainder and went on again.

'I feel strong enough to walk any distance,' said she.

'I think we may as well steer in a general way towards the interior of the country, where we can hide for a time, and are less likely to be looked for than anywhere near the coast,' Clare remarked. 'Later on, when they have forgotten us, we can make for some port.'

She made no reply to this beyond that of grasping him more tightly, and straight inland they went. Though the season was an English May the weather was serenely bright, and during the afternoon it was quite warm. Through the latter miles of their walk their footpath had taken them into the depths of the New Forest, and towards

evening, turning the corner of a lane, they perceived behind a brook and bridge a large board on which was painted in white letters, 'This desirable Mansion to be Let Furnished ; particulars following, with directions to apply to some London agents. Passing through the gate they could see the house, an old brick building of regular design and large accommodation.

'I know it,' said Clare. 'It is Bramshurst Court. You can see that it is shut up, and grass is growing on the drive.'

'Some of the windows are open,' said Tess.

'Just to air the rooms, I suppose.'

'All these rooms empty, and we without a roof to our heads ! '

'You are getting tired, my Tess ! ' he said. 'We'll stop soon.' And kissing her sad mouth he again led her onwards.

He was growing weary likewise, for they had wandered a dozen or fifteen miles, and it became necessary to consider what they should do for rest. They looked from afar at isolated cottages and little inns, and were inclined to approach one of the latter, when their hearts failed them, and they sheered off. At length their gait dragged, and they stood still.

'Could we sleep under the trees ? ' she asked.

He thought the season insufficiently advanced.

'I have been thinking of that empty mansion we passed,' he said. 'Let us go back towards it again.'

They retraced their steps, but it was half an hour before they stood without the entrance-gate as earlier. He then requested her to stay where she was, whilst he went

to see who was within.

She sat down among the bushes within the gate, and Clare crept towards the house. His absence lasted some considerable time, and when he returned Tess was wildly anxious, not for herself, but for him. He had found out from a boy that there was only an old woman in charge as caretaker, and she only came there on fine days, from the hamlet near, to open and shut the windows. She would come to shut them at sunset. 'Now, we can get in through one of the lower windows, and rest there,' said he.

Under his escort she went tardily forward to the main front, whose shuttered windows, like sightless eyeballs, excluded the possibility of watchers. The door was reached a few steps further, and one of the windows beside it was open. Clare clambered in, and pulled Tess in after him.

Except the hall the rooms were all in darkness, and they ascended the staircase. Up here also the shutters were tightly closed, the ventilation being perfunctorily done, for this day at least, by opening the hall-window in front and an upper window behind. Clare unlatched the door of a large chamber, felt his way across it, and parted the shutters to the width of two or three inches. A shaft of dazzling sunlight glanced into the room, revealing heavy, old-fashioned furniture, crimson damask hangings, and an enormous four-post bedstead, along the head of which were carved running figures, apparently Atalanta's race.

'Rest at last!' said he, setting down his bag and the parcel of viands.

They remained in great quietness till the caretaker should have come to shut the windows: as a precaution, putting themselves in total darkness by barring the shutters

as before, lest the woman should open the door of their chamber for any casual reason. Between six and seven o'clock she came, but did not approach the wing they were in. They heard her close the windows, fasten them, lock the door, and go away. Then Clare again stole a chink of light from the window, and they shared another meal, till by-and-by they were enveloped in the shades of night which they had no candle to disperse.

II

The night was strangely solemn and still. In the small hours she whispered to him the whole story of how he had walked in his sleep with her in his arms across the Froom stream, at the imminent risk of both their lives, and laid her down in the stone coffin at the ruined abbey. He had never known of that till now.

'Why didn't you tell me next day?' he said. 'It might have prevented much misunderstanding and woe.'

'Don't think of what's past!' said she. 'I am not going to think outside of now. Why should we! Who knows what to-morrow has in store?'

But it apparently had no sorrow. The morning was wet and foggy, and Clare, rightly informed that the caretaker only opened the windows on fine days, ventured to creep out of their chamber, and explore the house, leaving Tess asleep. There was no food on the premises, but there was water, and he took advantage of the fog to emerge from the mansion, and fetch tea, bread, and butter from a shop in a little place two miles beyond, as also a small tin kettle and spirit-lamp, that they might get fire

without smoke. His re-entry awoke her ; and they breakfasted on what he had bought.

They were indisposed to stir abroad, and the day passed, and the night following, and the next, and next ; till, almost without their being aware, five days had slipped by in absolute seclusion, not a sight or sound of a human being disturbing their peacefulness, such as it was. The changes of the weather were their only events, the birds of the New Forest their only company. By tacit consent they hardly once spoke of any incident of the past subsequent to their wedding-day. The gloomy intervening time seemed to sink into chaos, over which the present and prior times closed as if it never had been. Whenever he suggested that they should leave their shelter, and go forwards towards Southampton or London, she showed a strange unwillingness to move.

'Why should we put an end to all that's sweet and lovely !' she deprecated. 'What must come will come.' And, looking through the shutter-chink : 'All is trouble outside there ; inside here content.'

He peeped out also. It was quite true ; within was affection, union, error forgiven : outside was the inexorable.

'And—and,' she said, pressing her cheek against his ; 'I fear that what you think of me now may not last. I do not wish to outlive your present feeling for me. I would rather not. I would rather be dead and buried when the time comes for you to despise me, so that it may never be known to me that you despised me.'

'I cannot ever despise you.'

'I also hope that. By considering what my life has been I cannot see why any man should, sooner or later,

be able to help despising me.....How wickedly mad I was! Yet formerly I never could bear to hurt a fly or a worm, and the sight of a bird in a cage used often to make me cry.'

They remained yet another day. In the night the dull sky cleared, and the result was that the old caretaker at the cottage awoke early. The brilliant sunrise made her unusually brisk; she decided to open the contiguous mansion immediately, and to air it thoroughly on such a day. Thus it occurred that, having arrived and opened the lower rooms before six o'clock, she ascended to the bed-chambers, and was about to turn the handle of the one wherein they lay. At that moment she fancied she could hear the breathing of persons within. Her slippers and her antiquity had rendered her progress a noiseless one so far, and she made for instant retreat; then, deeming that her hearing might have deceived her, she turned anew to the door and softly tried the handle. The lock was out of order, but a piece of furniture had been moved forward on the inside, which prevented her opening the door more than an inch or two. A stream of morning light through the shutter-chink fell upon the faces of the pair, wrapped in profound slumber, Tess's lips being parted like a half-open flower near his cheek. The caretaker was so struck with their innocent appearance, and the elegance of Tess's gown hanging across a chair, her silk stockings beside it, the pretty parasol, and the other habits in which she had arrived because she had none else, that her first indignation at the effrontery of tramps and vagabonds gave way to a momentary sentimentality over this genteel elopement, as it seemed. She closed the door, and with-

drew as softly as she had come, to go and consult with her neighbours on the odd discovery.

Not more than a minute had elapsed after her withdrawal when Tess woke, and then Clare. Both had a sense that something had disturbed them, though they could not say what ; and the uneasy feeling which it engendered grew stronger. As soon as he was dressed he narrowly scanned the lawn through the two or three inches of shutter-chink.

'I think we will leave at once,' said he. 'It is a fine day. And I cannot help fancying somebody is about the house. At any rate, the woman will be sure to come to-day.'

She passively assented, and putting the room in order they took up the few articles that belonged to them, and departed noiselessly. When they had got into the Forest she turned to take a last look at the house.

'Ah, happy house—good-bye ! ' she said. 'My life can only be a question of a few weeks. Why should we not have stayed there ? '

' Don't say it, Tess ! We shall soon get out of this district altogether. We'll continue our course as we've begun it, and keep straight north. Nobody will think of looking for us there. We shall be looked for at the Wessex ports if we are sought at all. When we are in the north we will get to a port and away.'

Having thus persuaded her the plan was pursued, and they kept a bee line northward. Their long repose at the manor-house lent them walking power now ; and towards mid-day they found that they were approaching the steepled city of Melchester, which lay directly in their

way. He decided to rest her in a clump of trees during the afternoon, and push onward under cover of darkness. At dusk Clare purchased food as usual, and their night march began, the boundary between Upper and Mid-Wessex being crossed about eight o'clock.

To walk across country without much regard to road was not new to Tess, and she showed her old agility in the performance. The intercepting city, ancient Melchester, they were obliged to pass through in order to take advantage of the town bridge for crossing a large river that obstructed them. It was about midnight when they went along the deserted streets, lighted fitfully by the few lamps, keeping off the pavement that it might not echo their footsteps. The graceful pile of cathedral architecture rose dimly on their left hand, but it was lost upon them now. Once out of the town they followed the turnpike-road, which after a few miles plunged across an open plain.

Though the sky was dense with cloud a diffused light from some fragment of a moon had hitherto helped them a little. But the moon had now sunk, the clouds seemed to settle almost on their heads, and the night grew as dark as a cave. However, they found their way along, keeping as much on the turf as possible that their tread might not resound, which it was easy to do, there being no hedge or fence of any kind. All round was open loneliness and black solitude, over which a stiff breeze blew.

They had proceeded thus gropingly two or three miles further when on a sudden Clare became conscious of some vast erection close in his front, rising sheer from the grass. They had almost struck themselves against it.

'What monstrous place is this?' said Angel.

'It hums,' said she. 'Hearken!'

He listened. The wind, playing upon the edifice, produced a booming tune, like the note of some gigantic one-stringed harp. No other sound came from it, and lifting his hand and advancing a step or two, Clare felt the vertical surface of the structure. It seemed to be of solid stone, without joint or moulding. Carrying his fingers onward he found that what he had come in contact with was a colossal rectangular pillar; by stretching out his left hand he could feel a similar adjoining. At an indefinite height overhead something made the black sky blacker, which had the semblance of a vast architrave uniting the pillars horizontally. They carefully entered beneath and between; the surfaces echoed their soft rustle; but they seemed to be still out of doors. The place was roofless. Tess drew her breath fearfully, and Angel, perplexed, said—

'What can it be?'

Feeling sideways they encountered another tower-like pillar, square and uncompromising as the first; beyond it another and another. The place was all doors and pillars, some connected above by continuous architraves.

'A very Temple of the Winds,' he said.

The next pillar was isolated; others composed a trilithon; others were prostrate, their flanks forming a causeway wide enough for a carriage; and it was soon obvious that they made up a forest of monoliths grouped upon the grassy expanse of the plain. The couple advanced further into this pavilion of the night till they stood in its midst.

'It is Stonehenge!' said Clare.

'The heathen temple, you mean?'

'Yes. Older than the centuries; older than the d'Urbervilles! Well, what shall we do, darling? We may find shelter further on.'

But Tess, really tired by this time, flung herself upon an oblong slab that lay close at hand, and was sheltered from the wind by a pillar. Owing to the action of the sun during the preceding day the stone was warm and dry, in comforting contrast to the rough and chill grass around, which had damped her skirts and shoes.

'I don't want to go any further, Angel,' she said, stretching out her hand for his. 'Can't we bide here?'

'I fear not. This spot is visible for miles by day, although it does not seem so now.'

'One of my mother's people was a shepherd hereabouts, now I think of it. And you used to say at Talbothays that I was a heathen. So now I am at home.'

He knelt down beside her outstretched form, and put his lips upon hers.

'Sleepy are you, dear? I think you are lying on an altar.'

'I like very much to be here,' she murmured. 'It is so solemn and lonely—after my great happiness—with nothing but the sky above my face. It seems as if there were no folk in the world but we two; and I wish there were not—except 'Liza-Lu.'

Clare thought she might as well rest here till it should get a little lighter, and he flung his overcoat upon her, and sat down by her side.

'Angel, if anything happens to me; will you watch over 'Liza-Lu for my sake?' she asked, when they had

listened a long time to the wind among the pillars.

'I will.'

'She is so good and simple and pure. O, Angel—I wish you would marry her if you lose me, as you will do shortly. O, if you would!'

'If I lose you I lose all! And she is my sister-in-law.'

'That's nothing, dearest. People marry sister-laws continually about Marlott; and 'Liza-Lu is so gentle and sweet, and she is growing so beautiful. O I could share you with her willingly when we are spirits! If you would train her and teach her, Angel, and bring her up for your own self!....She has all the best of me without the bad of me; and if she were to become yours it would almost seem as if death had not divided us....Well, I have said it. I won't mention it again.'

She ceased, and he fell into thought. In the far north-east sky he could see between the pillars a level streak of light. The uniform concavity of black cloud was lifting bodily like the lid of a pot, letting in at the earth's edge the coming day, against which the towering monoliths and trilithons began to be blackly defined.

'Did they sacrifice to God here?' asked she.

'No,' said he.

'Who to?'

'I believe to the sun. That lofty stone set away by itself is in the direction of the sun, which will presently rise behind it.'

'This reminds me, dear,' she said. 'You remember you never would interfere with any belief of mine before we were married? But I knew your mind all the same,

and I thought as you thought—not from any reason of my own, but because you thought so. Tell me now, Angel, do you think we shall meet again after we are dead? I want to know.'

He kissed her to avoid a reply at such a time.

'O, Angel—I fear that means no!' said she, with a suppressed sob. 'And I wanted so to see you again—so much, so much! What—not even you and I, Angel, who love each other so well?'

Like a greater than himself, to the critical question at the critical time he did not answer; and they were again silent. In a minute or two her breathing became more regular, her clasp of his hand relaxed, and she fell asleep. The band of silver paleness along the east horizon made even the distant paths of the Great Plain appear dark and near; and the whole enormous landscape bore that impress of reserve, taciturnity, and hesitation which is usual just before day. The eastward pillars and their architraves stood up blackly against the light, and the great flame-shaped Sun-stone beyond them; and the Stone of Sacrifice midway. Presently the night wind died out, and the quivering little pools in the cup-like hollows of the stones lay still. At the same time something seemed to move on the verge of the dip eastward—a mere dot. It was the head of a man approaching them from the hollow beyond the Sun-stone. Clare wished they had gone onward, but in the circumstances decided to remain quiet. The figure came straight towards the circle of pillars in which they were.

He heard something behind him, the brush of feet. Turning, he saw over the prostrate columns another figure;

then before he was aware, another was at hand on the right, under a trilithon, and another on the left. The dawn shone full on the front of the man westward, and Clare could discern from this that he was tall, and walked as if trained. They all closed in with evident purpose. Her story then was true! Springing to his feet, he looked around for a weapon, loose stone, means of escape, anything. By this time the nearest man was upon him.

'It is no use, sir,' he said. 'There are sixteen of us on the Plain, and the whole country is reared.'

'Let her finish her sleep!' he implored in a whisper of the men as they gathered round.

When they saw where she lay, which they had not done till then, they showed no objection, and stood watching her, as still as the pillars around. He went to the stone and bent over her, holding one poor little hand; her breathing now was quick and small, like that of a lesser creature than a woman. All waited in the growing light, their faces and hands as if they were silvered, the remainder of their figures dark, the stones glistening green-gray, the Plain still a mass of shade. Soon the light was strong, and a ray shone upon her unconscious form, peering under her eyelids and waking her.

'What is it, Angel?' she said, starting up. 'Have they come for me?'

'Yes, dearest,' he said. 'They have come.'

'It is as it should be,' she murmured. 'Angel, I am almost glad—yes, glad! This happiness could not have lasted. It was too much. I have had enough; and now I shall not live for you to despise me!'

She stood up, shook herself, and went forward, neither

of the men having moved.

'I am ready,' she said quietly.

III

The city of Wintoncester, that fine old city, aforetime capital of Wessex, lay amidst its convex and concave downlands in all the brightness and warmth of a July morning. The gabled brick, tile, and freestone houses had almost dried off for the season their integument of lichen, the streams in the meadows were low and in the sloping High Street, from the West Gateway to the mediæval cross, and from the mediæval cross to the bridge, that leisurely dusting and sweeping was in progress which usually ushers in an old-fashioned market-day.

From the western gate aforesaid the highway, as every Wintoncestrian knows, ascends a long and regular incline of the exact length of a measured mile, leaving the houses gradually behind. Up this road from the precincts of the city two persons were walking rapidly, as if unconscious of the trying ascent—unconscious through preoccupation and not through buoyancy. They had emerged upon this road through a narrow barred wicket in a high wall a little lower down. They seemed anxious to get out of the sight of the houses and of their kind, and this road appeared to offer the quickest means of doing so. Though they were young they walked with bowed heads, which gait of grief the sun's rays smiled on pitilessly.

One of the pair was Angel Clare, the other a tall budding creature—half girl, half woman—a spiritualized image of Tess, slighter than she, but with the same beautiful eyes—Clare's sister-in-law, 'Liza-Lu. Their pale faces

seemed to have shrunk to half their natural size. They moved on hand in hand, and never spoke a word, the drooping of their heads being that of Giotto's 'Two Apostles.'

When they had nearly reached the top of the great West Hill the clocks in the town struck eight. Each gave a start at the notes, and, walking onward yet a few steps, they reached the first milestone standing whitely on the green margin of the grass, and backed by the down, which here was open to the road. They entered upon the turf, and, impelled by a force that seemed to overrule their will, suddenly stood still, turned, and waited in paralyzed suspense beside the stone.

The prospect from this summit was almost unlimited. In the valley beneath lay the city they had just left, its more prominent buildings showing as in an isometric drawing—among them the broad cathedral tower, with its Norman windows and immense length of aisle and nave, the spires of St. Thomas's, the pinnacled tower of the College, and, more to the right, the tower and gables of the ancient hospice, where to this day the pilgrim may receive his dole of bread and ale. Behind the city swept the rotund upland of St. Catherine's Hill; further off, landscape beyond landscape, till the horizon was lost in the radiance of the sun hanging above it.

Against these far stretches of country rose, in front of the other city edifices, a large red-brick building, with level gray roofs, and rows of short barred windows bespeaking captivity, the whole contrasting greatly by its formalism with the quaint irregularities of the Gothic erections. It was somewhat disguised from the road in

passing it by yews and evergreen oaks, but it was visible enough here. The wicket from which the pair had lately emerged was in the wall of this structure. From the middle of the building an ugly flat-topped octagonal tower ascended against the east horizon, and viewed from this spot, on its shady side and against the light, it seemed the one blot on the city's beauty. Yet it was with this blot, and not with the beauty, that the two gazers were concerned.

Upon the cornice of the tower a tall staff was fixed. Their eyes were riveted on it. A few minutes after the hour had struck something moved slowly up the staff, and extended itself upon the breeze. It was a black flag.

'Justice' was done, and the President of the Immortals, in Æschylean phrase, had ended his sport with Tess. And the d'Urberville knights and dames slept on in their tombs unknowing. The two speechless gazers bent themselves down to the earth, as if in prayer, and remained thus a long time, absolutely motionless; the flag continued to wave silently. As soon as they had strength they arose, joined hands again, and went on.

—From *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.*

THE VERY REV. WILLIAM RALPH INGE

(*b.* 1860)

The problem before Dean Inge, if we regard him for the moment simply as a man of letters, was whether he would manage to carry the burden of his knowledge. And part of the interest—one might almost say the excitement—of reading him comes from finding that he succeeds in doing it. The form is a student's form; it looks back to authorities and is studded with quotations. But his illustrations are really illustrations, not only making their point but lighting up far reaches of type in thought and character.

—ARTHUR McDOWALL: "Three Philosopher-prophets". (From *The London Mercury*).

THE DILEMMA OF CIVILIZATION

THE social outlook of the man of science is very different from that of the politician, and hardly less from that of the average social reformer. The biologist thinks in centuries and millennia; he looks before and after in a way which would ruin a politician, who is acute enough in predicting which way the popular breeze will blow to-morrow, but knows and cares little what will happen in the next generation. The man of science also believes that we can only conquer nature by obeying her; he does not think that human nature is likely to change appreciably even in a thousand years, except by the operation of natural selection or counter-selection, or if he is an optimist, by rational selection; he certainly does not believe that "where God sends mouths He sends meat," nor that vicarious charity will cover a multitude of economic sins. We breathe a different atmosphere when we leave the watchful observers of the jumping cat, and consult the men who patiently interrogate the great Sphinx—the "elemental laws" which, as Walt Whitman says, "never apologize," the silent goddess on whose knees are the fates of nations, races, and species, and who makes them or breaks them impartially, according to their skill

in reading her riddles, or their wilfulness in disregarding her unspoken but not unacted warnings. Science has not yet come to its own in forming the beliefs and practices of mankind, because it has been too much excluded from politics and too much repressed by religion. It is the purgatory of religion and politics alike, exacting expiation for every sin against truth and every dishonest concession to passion or prejudice. The futile attempts of the last century to " reconcile " it with ecclesiastical tradition have died down. Science has captured a number of indefensible outworks, and religion is not a pin the worse. Science was materialistic while battling with superstition; since it has won its freedom it has been willing to learn much from idealistic philosophy. The war of the twentieth century is no longer between science and religion; it is between science and the irrational forces which make for social degeneracy and disintegration. It is not for nothing that revolutionists speak with hatred or distrust of " intellectuals." For they themselves are in revolt, not merely against the existing social order, but against economic law, and against society as an organic growth, with its roots in the past.

And yet the prevailing tone and temper of public opinion have always reacted upon the progress and direction of scientific discovery. We have to admit that even the most independent thinker is the child of his age. The dreams of human perfectibility which intoxicated the French towards the end of the eighteenth century gave a stimulus to doctrines of evolution as the law of nature; but while *la carrière ouverte aux talents* was reflected in the theory of Lamarck, the competitive industrialism of

the next generation found its supposed justification in Darwin's doctrine of the survival of the fittest. At the present day, the popular faith that everything is possible to organized effort seems to correspond to the physics of energy, and it may be that the political and economic revolt against the belief in fixed laws of nature is more than accidentally synchronous with the theories of Bergson and his school. Few men free themselves from prejudices coming from without; none perhaps from prejudices which have their source within. We never become independent of our temperament; and group-influences, however we may account for them, seem to modify individual temperament in each generation, probably by constantly directing attention to some one aspect of experience.

Two recent books on scientific sociology, which resemble each other in the ability of their authors, in their wide knowledge of biology and kindred sciences, and in their general plan of treatment, may profitably be considered side by side, the more so as their conclusions are strongly opposed to each other. One is Dr. Müller Lyer's *History of Social Development* (*Phasen der Kultur*), written before the war and now translated into English; the other is Dr. Austin Freeman's *Social Decay and Regeneration*, published in 1921 with an introduction by Mr. Havelock Ellis, himself a notable contributor to the scientific study of social problems.

Dr. Müller Lyer contemplates the species to which we belong as rising from insignificant beginnings to more and more elevated forms of life. At first, of course, man knew nothing of the marvellous destiny reserved for him;

but a great moment arrived when a knowledge of the path which he was treading crossed the threshold of his consciousness. From this moment instinctive striving began to be transformed into conscious and purposive action. He cherished hopes of being able to control the movement of his own progress. But this control has not yet been achieved, and cannot be ours till we understand the course of social evolution, which has passed through many successive phases. These lines of direction can be traced and they must serve us as signposts for the future. Dr. Lyer attempts to interpret history in this manner. His subject comprises economic development, the family, the State, the human intellect, ethics, justice, and art.

Culture, he says, is a progressive movement, which we can trace back to its beginnings in the evolution of man from lower forms. The discovery of speech, of the way to produce fire, and of tools, are among the most important points of new departure. The use of tools increases steadily as man moves from the age of stone to that of copper and bronze, and thence to iron. The age of iron culminated in the machine-civilization of our own day, which began in this country about 150 years ago, when a series of discoveries ushered in the industrial revolution. All purely mechanical labour is now in process of being transferred from man to the machine; and we might have expected that the prophecy of Aristotle would be approaching its fulfilment: "If shuttles would work by themselves, and the plectra and zithers could play by themselves, we should need no more slaves" (*Politics*, i, 2, 5). But the development of social organization has not kept pace with that of technical art and of our general

economic life; so that the wage-earners have not yet emerged from quasi-servile conditions. The machine age is only in its preliminary phase.

Capitalism, as he shows, was highly developed under the Roman Empire; private fortunes were in a larger scale than at any subsequent period before the nineteenth century. But its basis was slave labour, not machinery. (He might have added that improvements in machinery are always kept back by slavery.) Accordingly, when the supply of slaves fell off, industry decayed. For the ancients never kept human stud-farms like the planters of the Southern states in America; and without this device, a slave population always decreases rapidly. From the end of the Western Empire till the beginning of the industrial revolution capitalism was on a very small scale. It was discouraged by the church and repressed by the feudal system. Either the desire for accumulation was weaker in the middle Ages, or the opportunities for gratifying it were absent. Even in 1825 the whole merchant-fleet of Bremen did not number as many tons as an ordinary steamer of to-day. Until steam came in to perform the work which had hitherto been done by the muscles of men and beasts, the large majority of workmen were small handicraftsmen, and many families were almost entirely self-sufficient. In the new economic era, the first strides were made by those older trades which had previously developed as handicrafts; secondly came such newer trades as those in rubber, sugar, and chemical works. Thirdly, hand labour was driven from spinning, weaving, tanning, brickmaking and pottery, which for thousands of years had been common domestic industries.

The self-sufficing family disappeared; for the factories herded the workmen together, and the old cottage with its kitchen garden and pigsty was crowded out. Individual production gave way to co-operative production; division of labour destroyed the old craftsmanship and the old independent artisan. The greatest success of the capitalistic era has been the immense increase of export and import trade.

Dr. Müller Lyer is impressed by the truth of Kant's saying "As progress becomes more rapid its phases are shorter". He thinks that the stage in which we now are will be far briefer than those which preceded it. Amalgamations, both of capital and labour, grow larger; and socialized trade, conducted by the State, becomes more and more important. It is only the strong conservatism of domestic economy that has prevented large experiments in co-operative housekeeping, which would economize the greater part of women's labour. But such experiments, as he sees, are made difficult by "our social sensitiveness, which has become self-conscious through our thousand divisions into classes and sub-classes, and by the tendency to exclusiveness inherent in every family union." Such schemes as those of Fourier "must be relegated to the dim future."

It is impossible not to regret the loss of handiness which the machine age has brought with it. Savages always want to know whether the traveller has made all his belongings himself, and would be surprised if he confessed that he could not make one of them. An English visitor to Tahiti found that the natives could make a hut out of branches and leaves; they readily kindled fire by

rubbing sticks together. Clothing was woven during a walk to fetch fruit. Flasks, pails, and casks were scooped out of bamboo in a few minutes. These natives would have been astonished to hear that a houseless Briton has to bully the State into spending a thousand pounds of the taxpayers' money to build him a home, and that he is content to wait months for its completion. Moreover, while in the natural state man is able to live out his own life, employing himself in occupations which make use of all his energies equally, set his limbs in motion, excite his interest, and call forth his sagacity, " we have all developed on one side only, and become slaves of labour, some of whom all their lives do nothing but dig, others bore or polish, or write or tend a machine." Fishing and hunting, the daily occupation of the barbarian, are in civilization amusements which only the well-to-do can enjoy.

But our author finds the greatest evil wrought by machinery to be the stimulus which it gives to covetousness, or " pleonexia " as he calls it, borrowing a useful word from the Greek. It has created a hard and hateful world, in which industry is regarded as the aim of existence, and time as mere money. This " Americanism," as the Germans call it, has attacked the nations of the west like an epidemic, and though the almost superhuman energy which it has introduced into life must excite admiration, it has brought with it no happiness, but rather envy and bitterness.

Culture in fact has made the lot of the majority worse rather than better. Man in his primitive condition can employ his ability in harmony with his own tastes. He is free from anxiety for the future and contented

with his lot ; whereas in a highly industrialized community the great mass of people are crowded in a never-ceasing tread-mill of specialized labour, hemmed in on all sides by duties and restrictions, consumed either by care or by "pleonexia," and condemned to a troubled and stunted existence which would fill a savage with horror.

And yet there seems to be no escape. For the most highly organized communities have the greatest survival value, and the fate of the individual is immaterial to the advance of the process. Just as, in an earlier state of society, a slave-holding nation which can devote itself more exclusively to the art of war, is more powerful than a nation of working agriculturists, so a modern nation which forces a majority of its members into the most unnatural division of labour can undersell and starve out another which has preserved simpler and more wholesome methods of production. A people which cares only for such progress as can be measured by statistics is likely to destroy another, higher in the scale of civilization, which aims at making a better quality of life possible for its citizens. The blindly working forces of nature favour perfection of social organization rather than the welfare of the individual. In the most advanced animal communities this process has been carried to a hideous perfection. The beehive is an appalling object-lesson in state socialism carried to its logical consequences.

Mankind, says Dr. Lyer, is in revolt against this doom. The two cries, "individualism" and "socialism", are only different expressions of the demand for happiness. If we take these two ideals as implying respectively the organization of freedom and the organization of labour,

they are complementary to each other rather than antagonistic. It is only in States organized for war that the interests of the individual need be ruthlessly sacrificed. International commercial relations tend to unify the whole of civilization, and when this process has gone further, the State may become, as it should be, the medium for the welfare of its citizens. This will not be brought about till a condition of relative stability is produced. But such a stabilization is probable in the near future, since there are no more empty countries to be exploited and there are already signs of a "humanizing of propagation," by which the reckless and senseless increase of numbers may be brought to an end. Nothing, our author says, justly, has caused so much needless suffering among civilized nations, and has so completely neutralized the effect which culture should have in promoting happiness, as the swollen birthrates of the nineteenth century.

When "the science of social forces has itself become a social force,"

> "we are justified in supposing that future development will rise to undreamed-of heights, and will lead on to an era of perfect culture, in the light of which all the phases of our present half culture put together will seem like a kind of childhood of the human race. We almost receive the impression that throughout the tremendous drama of humanity there has been glimmering a secret plan of salvation and blessing."

Dr. Lyer, it will be seen, is an optimist, and he ends on an almost religious note which sounds oddly from an avowed secularist, who has nothing but contempt for

the faiths by which men have lived in the past. His outlook is what we have learned to call *pre-war* ; and nothing makes us realize so clearly the profound change which a terrible catastrophe has made in our judgments about the world in which we live, than the fact that we can tell without difficulty whether a book on social science was written before or after 1914. For Dr. Lyer, the assumptions of evolutionary optimism are taken for granted ; the course of civilization has been not only from a simpler to a more complicated structure, but from an irrational to a partially rational order of social life ; and though for a time the development of machine industry seems to have diminished human happiness, he has no doubt that this maladjustment will before long be set right. He is not free from the fallacies of Karl Marx, and more than once assumes that the present economic system tends to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. The statistics of the national income in the years before the war entirely refuted this favourite argument of the Socialists. He looks for a solution of the economic difficulty, to nationalization and State management. Such a view is intelligible in a German, for State administration in Germany before the war was undoubtedly very efficient, and free from the reckless wastefulness and incompetence which have made public ownership a byword in England. But this efficiency was the result of a bureaucratic system organized from above ; it has yet to be proved that national trading under a democracy can be either economical or business-like. And it is generally agreed that the German system was prejudicial to personal initiative and to that adaptability on which the Americans have long

prided themselves, and which we may fairly boast that we displayed during the war. Dr. Lyer is also obliged to postulate a recovery from the evil spirit of "pleonexia," which he considers to be a result of modern industrialism. But it is very doubtful whether the Western European is really more covetous either than his ancestors before the industrial revolution, or than the picturesque and romantic Asiatic. If we are looking for the man who would cut the throat of his best friend for a few dollars, it is not in Chicago or the City of London that we are most likely to find him. We cannot cure the acquisitive spirit by limiting its opportunities. The peasant proprietor is perhaps the greediest skinflint alive.

The unexamined postulate of evolutionary optimism is that all social evils have a natural tendency to eliminate themselves. There is no sanction in history for this assumption. Increasing complexity of organization is not necessarily progress, if by progress is meant the passage from a less desirable state of life to a more desirable. The more complex structure of society may impost itself because it has a greater survival value; it is not certain that any measures of social reform can make life in a highly industrialized community satisfying to the individual without impairing the efficiency on which the existence of such a community depends. This is the great problem of sociology; it must be solved, if there is any solution, without assuming, as Dr. Lyer does, that there is some mysterious power which has already determined that the human race shall advance to some unimagined perfection. It is often forgotten that highly organised animal communities, such as the bees and ants, must have passed through

a period of rapid "progress," during which their social life attained its present complexity, and that this period of evolution was followed by a condition of stable equilibrium which appears to be permanent. Our own species probably passed through many a millennia without appreciable change and the restless spirit of progress may, for all we know, come finally to rest at some time when man is once more in complete harmony with his environment. The shocking revelations of depravity which war-conditions have brought to light in many countries have made such a possibility less unwelcome to us than to our fathers. The progress on which they prided themselves now seems to us to have been mainly illusory. This disillusionment has been well illustrated by Mr. Max Beerbohm. He has drawn for us a picture of the nineteenth century in the person of a large and comfortable man in side-whiskers and a white tie, looking complacently at his vision of the future—a still larger and more comfortable man with an ampler white tie. His companion picture of the twentieth century shows us a young man with a mourning band on his arm, contemplating his vision of the future—a large note of interrogation. So completely has a sudden convulsion shattered our rosy dreams, and left us gazing anxiously into the void.

Dr. Austin Freeman's book reflects the post-war temper of disillusionment and perplexity. But his main subject is the reign of the machine, and its reactions upon the life of mankind. The part played in human activities by muscular exertion has decreased very rapidly in the last hundred years. A century ago, our muscles were the chief motive power. Now, machinery is finding its

way even into the smallest establishments. So with transport. A hundred years ago journeys were chiefly made on foot or on horseback, and our ancestors thought nothing of a thirty miles walk. Now we scramble into an omnibus to escape the exertion of walking a few hundred yards. It is well-known that the disuse of function results in loss of function and atrophy of the disused organs ; to counteract which the modern man uses dumb-bells and developers, which would astonish a savage as much as anything else in our civilization. The factory hands, the chief victims of the machine, are as a rule of very poor physique ; they are small and stunted, with bad teeth, and suffer much from pulmonary and digestive troubles. Their death-rates are far higher than those in rural areas. Dr. Freeman might have added that in spite of the advance in medical science, the expectation of life after sixty, in all classes together, is slightly less than it was half a century ago : a clear proof that we are not living healthy lives. From the point of view of health, our urban civilization is a failure.

Progress, as Dr. Freeman sees clearly, is of two kinds. It may refer to changes in the environment, including the store of transmitted experience ; or it may mean those changes by which man himself has been improved. The two aspects by no means coincide.

Intrinsic progress was great, and may have been rapid, when man was first becoming human. The decisive modifications were doubtless due to variations which established themselves, and which definitely lifted our species into a condition in which men could begin their conquest of nature. But from an early date, progress has

been almost entirely environmental. The change in the relation of man to his surroundings has been amazing. The little hairless animal that once crept, naked and forlorn, over the face of the earth, the sport of the elements, the prey of larger beasts; behold him now in all the opulence of his great inheritance of knowledge, lording it over the world through which he once sneaked in continual peril of his life. He burrows into the bowels of the earth; he traverses its surface at a speed which leaves the fleetest beast as stationary; he follows the leviathan into the depths of the sea; he soars to heights inaccessible to the eagle. In time of peace we congratulated ourselves on the humanizing effects of these discoveries; but we know now that primitive barbarism was only dormant, and ready to be roused into active savagery at the first beat of the drum. And under the conditions of modern warfare, the lives and property of non-combatants are exposed to dangers which are the direct result of the new knowledge. The discovery of flying has so far been an almost unmixed curse to humanity, and is a menace to the very existence of civilization. Nor can we congratulate ourselves without hesitation on the rise in the standard of comfort, which only means that we make increased demands on our environment. "There is much truth in the saying of Diogenes, that a man's wealth may be estimated in terms of the things which he can do without." The accumulation of wealth and the increase of numbers, without any real advance in individual character or mental capacity, do not make for happiness.

The theory and practice of government are divided between sociologists, who have knowledge but no power,

and politicians, who have power but no knowledge. "The professional politician whom democracy has brought into existence differs entirely from other professional men. He is totally unqualified." Such knowledge as the old parliamentary hand has acquired teaches him only how to get office and to keep in office ; it has no relation to political wisdom or statesmanship. For example, the First Lord of the Admiralty may be a brewer, a publisher, or a stockbroker. And yet this is a time when the functions of government are being extended every year.

The division of Labour has destroyed the old craftsman. Not a man in a boot factory is able to make a pair of boots. Even in the Art Schools the pupils are being trained, not to be artists, but to be Art Schoolmasters, and mistresses ; and the Technical School scholars are being trained to be Technical School-masters. The old apprenticeship produced very different results at a small fraction of the cost.

Every one who knows the inside of a Government department notices its incapacity as compared with a private business concern. The business men who joined the Army, and were seldom employed in the work of management, were unanimous in their verdict that "if any private firm were conducted in this way, it would be bankrupt in a week." And yet the clamour for nationalization goes on. It is a clamour to substitute a system of proved inefficiency for one which has worked well as a method of production. Another manifest evil is the splitting up of the community into minor aggregations, each tyrannically ruled from within, antagonistic to each other and to the community as a whole. "A spirit of

mutual hostility and of collective selfishness and greed replaces the patriotism, public spirit, and citizenship on which civilization grew and on which alone it can be maintained."

The scheme of elevating the social organism as a whole without improving the individuals who compose it has only the results of degrading the individuals still further ; for the "social organism" is a very low type of organism, a simple aggregate of complex units ; and by absorption into an organized aggregate of this low type the individual, as we have seen, becomes functionally atrophied.

Having thus dwelt faithfully and somewhat severely with our modern institutions, Dr. Freeman girds up his loins for an attack on machinery. These chapters might have been the exhortation which persuaded Samuel Butler's Erewhonians to destroy all their machines and forbid the manufacture even of a watch. "Mechanism is an independent entity governed by its own laws and having no necessary connection with human needs and human welfare." The development of the machine is in the direction of ever-increasing automatism. The total elimination of the human worker is the goal towards which it is moving. Man is being driven from the principal field of his activity.

The reign of the machine has, for the first time, made the earth hideous. The old town was an improvement to the landscape ; the new town is an eyesore. The old sailing ship was a thing of beauty ; the new steamer wastes no effort in vain attempts not to be ugly. A more important indictment is that before the age of machines

the inroads made by man on irreplaceable material were moderate, and offered no menace to posterity.

> "Pre-mechanical civilization had left the original environment of man largely undisturbed, its outward aspect little changed, its store of mineral wealth almost intact; and in so far as it had reacted upon human environment, the result of the reactions was to increase the habitability of the world for man."

The last hundred years have seen a complete change in these conditions. Pre-mechanical man lived on the interest of his environment; mechanical man lives very extravagantly on the capital. The power-machine is an insatiable consumer of coal and iron. Nobody supposes that the world's supply of coal will last for as much as a thousand years, even if our miners (animated, no doubt, by farseeing forethought for posterity) refuse, at frequent intervals, to bring it to the surface. The forests of the world are also being rapidly destroyed, largely to gratify the insatiable demands of the newspapers for the wood pulp. Many of us will think that "one impulse from the vernal wood" might teach us more than "all the sages" who write for the daily press. But the vernal wood is being cut down. The visible tokens of the triumphant machine are our horrible factory towns with their forests of tall chimneys; their unending rows of mean houses, peopled by crowds of dingy workers; and the pall of black smoke above their heads which pours down a shower of soot through the twice-breathed air, and devastates the country for miles beyond the radius of the town itself. If those philosophers are right who hold that

beauty is an attribute of the Deity, and that ugliness of every kind is displeasing in His sight, our modern civilization is a blatant blasphemy.

Dependence on the smooth working of this complicated mechanism has made Western society much more vulnerable than it was before. Even in Russia the paralysis of commerce has turned the towns into cemeteries; and our trade unions have made the welcome discovery that they can "hold up" the community as successfully as ever Dick Turpin waylaid a coach. A revolution in England would condemn millions to actual death by starvation.

Æsthetically the influence of the machine is bad, because it destroys variety and individuality. We do not want to find the same furniture, carpets, wall-papers, and ornaments in every house; such uniformity is as dull as a picture-gallery filled with replicas of a single picture.

Dr. Freeman sums up the reactions of the power-machine on industry as follows: (1) the disappearance of the skilled craftsman and his replacement by the manufacturer and the semi-skilled or unskilled factory hand; with the like disappearance of the skilled shopkeeper and his replacement by the vendor of factory-made goods; (2) the disappearance of small local industries; (3) the disappearance of commodities made by hand with conscious adaptation to human and even personal needs, and their replacement by goods produced by machinery and adjusted to the needs of machine production. The characteristics of the new production are great quantity and small variety, low price and debasement in the character of products; (4) lowering of standard in

production ; (5) wasteful habits and disrespect for the products of industry ; (6) lowering of public taste by frequent contact with things tastelessly designed and badly made. The worker has hitherto been the chief sufferer ; but now the solitary virtue—cheapness—of machine-made articles is passing away, and the consumer also is to be pitied.

Dr. Freeman pursues this relentless attack, and considers the reaction of machinery upon man collectively. The industrial revolution was the greatest revolution that has ever occurred. Formerly, the surroundings of the worker were usually pleasant. The hours were long, but the conditions of labour were easy, enlivened by chat with neighbours over the loom or through the smithy door. The worker was also a master who determined his own hours of work, and since he dealt directly with the consumer he received the entire profit of his labour. One of the earliest results of machinery was to break up the little society in which the workmen were amicably distributed among the rest of the population, and to concentrate the "hands" in separate aggregates, with habits and sympathies different from those of other classes. The conditions of factory labour were for half a century and more thoroughly bad, and feelings of resentment and antagonism were rooted more and more deeply in the minds of the labourers. The result has been that they have formed combinations held together by a tyrannical organization and discipline, and constantly engaged in acts of war. They lean to collectivism, which is the total suppression of personal liberty ; they have no ambition to return to craftsmanship of the old kind ; they have never known it and

are quite unfit for it. "That the working class consists largely of men of very slight skill was clearly shown during the war, when so-called skilled men were called up for service and easily replaced by admittedly unskilled men, or even by shop-girls and domestic servants." The most sinister development of class consciousness is syndicalism, which is frankly anti-social as well as anti-democratic. It aims at setting up class antagonism and conducting class warfare. It tends to make a good fellow (for so the average workman is) into a very bad citizen.

Another evil of the present system is the opportunity which it gives to a few individuals to amass enormous fortunes which are a curse to themselves and their families and a scandal to the world. Dr. Freeman traces the evolution of an enterprising retailer into the proprietor of shops scattered all over the country, who often becomes his own grower, importer, shipowner, manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer—with profits on every stage of the business. The final stage is the amalgamation of several huge competing concerns of this type into a combine or trust, holding a virtual monopoly. The spectacle of even a few multi-millionaires of this kind is a *reductio ad absurdum* of our whole system, and a potent factor of unrest and discontent. The plutocrats try to protect themselves by buying up and controlling the press, whereby democracy is poisoned at its source and is even coming to be regarded as an obstacle to social reform.

One other bad result remains to be noted. There are not enough consumers at home to keep the great industries running at their maximum profit, and so the surplus must be unloaded on foreign countries. Hence the scram-

ble for markets, and the constant danger of wars for trade. Population has been stimulated on the assumption that the possibilities of export were unlimited ; unfavourable trade conditions produce at once a vast amount of unemployment, which means that a large fraction of the population who, through no fault of their own, are contributing nothing to the wealth of the country, have to be supported by doles levied on the producers. Over-population and unemployment are the inevitable result of machine civilization.

Man, individually, is a heavy loser. The majority of workmen are, as it were, parasitic on the machine which has ousted them from natural human occupations. Let us consider the fate of a shipload of factory hands cast on a fertile but uninhabited island. Could they, like the Pilgrim Fathers, found a self-contained and civilized community ? Obviously they could not. If they did not die of starvation, they would be found six months later living as savages. Dr. Freeman has watched three hundred African natives caught by a storm on the borders of the great forest in West Africa. The natives, who carried cutlasses, disappeared into the forest, from which they presently emerged carrying bundles of poles and coils of monkey-rope. In about an hour he was amazed to see a village ready for habitation. This story resembles the experience of the traveller in Tahiti, mentioned by Dr. Müller Lyer. Let us turn our thoughts once more for a moment to the Government's " Housing Scheme ". Our ancestors " would no more have dreamed of asking the State to build their houses than to comb their hair."

A melancholy chapter follows on Social Parasitism. Dr. Freeman spares no class in this part of his indictment; but he sees the greatest danger in what he considers the evident intention of "Labour" to become parasitic on the community. The essence of parasitism is the demand for remuneration determined by the desires of the producer, irrespective of the value of the work which he produces. He has no difficulty in showing how the blood of the industrious is sucked in a dozen places to feed the idle or incompetent, and the egregious bureaucracy which exists mainly to extort and squander the fruits of productive toil.

> "That fabulous community whose members lived by taking in each other's washing was an economically sound concern compared with one in which a vast majority should subsist parasitically on the earnings of a dwindling minority. Yet this is the social state towards which our own society is advancing."

Dr. Freeman next (after an adverse criticism of collectivism, which he has anticipated in some earlier chapters) gives his experiences of the British "sub-man" as he saw him while inspecting conscripts. The evidences of degeneracy were painfully apparent.

> "Compared with the African negro, the British sub-man is in several respects markedly inferior. He tends to be dull; he is usually quite helpless and unhandy; he has, as a rule, no skill or knowledge of handicraft, or indeed knowledge of any kind. The negro, on the contrary, is usually sprightly and humorous. He is generally well-informed as to the

flora and fauna of his region, and nearly always knows the principal constellations. He has some traditional knowledge of religion, myths and folklore, and some acquaintance with music. He is handy and self-helpful ; he can usually build a house, thatch a roof, obtain and prepare food, make a fire without matches, spin yarn, and can often weave cotton cloth and make and mend simple implements. Physically he is robust, active, hardy and energetic."

Over-population is a phenomenon connected with the survival of the unfit, and it is mechanism which has created conditions favourable to the survival of the unfit and the elimination of the fit.

The whole indictment against machinery may be summed up in Dr. Freeman's own words :

"Mechanism by its reactions on man and his environment is antagonistic to human welfare. It has destroyed industry and replaced it by mere labour ; it has degraded and vulgarized the works of man ; it has destroyed social unity and replaced it by social disintegration and class antagonism to an extent which directly threatens civilization ; it has injuriously affected the structural type of society by developing its organization at the expense of the individual ; it has endowed the inferior man with political power which he employs to the common disadvantage by creating political institutions of a socially destructive type ; and finally by its reactions on the activities of war it constitutes an agent for the wholesale physical destruction of man and his works and the extinction of human culture. It is thus strictly analogous to those

anti-bodies by which the existence of aggregates of the lower organisms is brought to an end."

We turn eagerly from this terrible diagnosis to the consideration of remedies. "The ultimate anti-condition is the suspension of natural selection." To deal with this, elimination of the unfit is more practicable at present than eugenic attempts to breed supermen. Nevertheless the adoption of Dr. Rentoul's method of sterilization is beset with difficulties. (Personally, I think that public opinion would be so much shocked by the advocacy of it that it would set back incalculably the whole cause of racial hygiene.) So Dr. Freeman falls back on the Old Testament doctrine of a "remnant". A "nucleus of superior individuals" might render possible, even at the eleventh hour, a social reconstruction. He suggests a "voluntary segregation of the fit," a society of men and women who would determine to lead healthy lives under natural conditions, free from the tyranny of mechanism, and supply each other's modest needs by hand labour.

It is much to be feared that this scheme is quite unworkable. To collect a society of eugenic craftsmen and professional people in local centres would surely be impossible in such a country as England. And even if they could establish themselves in certain districts, they would not escape the burdens which the State is imposing on all hard-working citizens. They would be taxed, as Dr. Freeman says that they are now, to support the swarming progeny of the unfit, to make the wastrel comfortable, and to provide soft jobs and pensions for the civil servant and the politician. The experiment would be started under conditions which would foredoom it to failure. More-

over, the trade unions would certainly attack and destroy the new society before it could grow. And lastly, from the point of view of stirpiculture, the effect of the experiment, while it lasted, would be to drain off the best, leaving the residuum worse than before.

These objections seem fatal to the establishment of a segregated "remnant" in Great Britain. But there is no reason why the experiment should not be tried in a new country. A Company might be founded to acquire a sufficient tract of land in Rhodesia, Tasmania, Western Canada, or Southern Chile, on which a community of picked emigrants might settle and try to live in the good old fashion, as Dr. Freeman wishes. It is most desirable that sociological experiments should be freely tried; for it is only by experiment that the value of proposals for an ideal commonwealth can be tested. The trade unions might easily put their theories into practice if they wished; they could start co-operative production without paying any toll to "functionless capital"; but apparently they are too prudent. The Communists, to do them justice, have not shrunk from experiments; and they have demonstrated conclusively that on a large scale Communism means the swift death of all human industry except agriculture. Dr. Freeman's society would be less ambitious. It would aim only at reproducing the simple, self-contained social life of the age before machinery. In any country where unoccupied land of good quality can still be bought, such a community might live very happily; but not in England.

The constructive part of the book we have been considering is therefore very disappointing. It leads

us with no remedy for a state of things which the author thinks almost desperate. So lame a conclusion to a very able social diagnosis should make us realize how deep and difficult the problem is. Civilization is faced with a great dilemma. It has grown, like every other organism, in response to its environment. It has strengthened itself by utilizing that environment to the uttermost. The secrets of nature have been penetrated, and its forces, one after another, have been harnessed to a car of Juggernaut, which seems now to be crushing its own worshippers. No society which has refused to use the new mechanical discoveries can hold its own in competition against the highly industrialized societies. Even in Europe, the Latin countries, which are poor in mineral wealth, have fallen behind in the race. The quick-witted and ambitious Japanese have bowed the knee to Baal, and their ancient culture, so pretty and gracious, is being vulgarized and brutalized before our eyes. Some of the nature-peoples, like the South Sea islanders, have withered at the first touch of the men with the machines, and seem to be dying of mere despair. And yet the all-conquering civilization of the West now appears to be stricken itself. In Dr. Freeman's language, its own activities have generated toxins which are poisoning it. The machine, though it is our master, cannot work without human auxiliaries ; and these, at the moment when they seemed about to be themselves thoroughly mechanized in its service, are in violent revolt.

The Erewhonian policy of breaking up the machines is manifestly impossible in this country. It would condemn more than half the population to starve. We are

and must remain the slaves of our machines, so long as we are unable to feed our own population.

But a mere check on natural increase will not solve the problem how we are to return to a more natural and healthy type of civilization. The remedy may be partly in our own hands. If, for example, we chose to clothe ourselves in homespuns which would last half a life-time instead of cheap machine-made garments which wear out in two or three years, one old industry might be revived. There is much to be said for making national dress reform a practical question. Women would no doubt resist it furiously, and it could not be forced upon them ; but the male sex cannot be enamoured of the ugly, costly and inconvenient garments which fashion compels them to wear. An exhibition of new costumes would be very interesting, and would be popular enough to cover expenses. There are many other ways in which life could be simplified ; the very unnecessary concession to fashion increases our slavery to the machine. We have seen a welcome improvement in the furniture of living rooms, which forty years ago were so encumbered with useless tables and chairs and cheap ornaments that there was hardly room to turn round. We ought to accustom ourselves to think of the conditions under which everything that we buy is produced. We should then take much more pleasure in a hand-made article, with some individuality in it, than in a standardized product of a great factory, which speaks of nothing but soulless and irksome labour. There are still opportunities of encouraging good craftsmanship, in wood-carving, for instance, and house decoration. The real difficulty is that the uneducated

do not seem to wish for good articles, unless they can boast of the price they paid for them. We are now suffering from standardized minds as well as from standardized commodities ; and they suit each other. It would be a very wholesome sign if workmen were to refuse to be bound either by trade union rules or by the " customs of the trade ", and were to insist on working according to their own bent, and selling the works of their own hands. So far, the outcry against mechanism has come mainly from artistic disciples of Ruskin and Morris ; the workman aims not at humanizing the quality of his labour, but at diminishing its quantity. We may, however, trust with confidence to the permanence of that best side of human nature, which makes good and beautiful creation one of the chief pleasures of life. Opportunity only is needed.

Behind all this, there is the strange question whether man the toolmaker did not, when he made that momentous choice, forfeit the possibility of further intrinsic progress. Can we say that as is the photographer to the painter, so is man as he is to man as he might have been ? We all admit the blunder of slavery ; it is not good for man to compel other men to fetch and carry for him till he becomes almost as helpless as Lord Averbury's slave-holding ants, which cannot even feed themselves. But we also pay the penalty for our lavish use of " lifeless instruments," as Aristotle called our non-human slaves. Is the man of the machine age condemned to progressive functional atrophy of all the aptitudes which are useful to the savage but unnecessary for himself ? And is this functional atrophy the beginning of a

deplorable atavism such as Dr. Freeman found in his British " sub-men " when compared with his West African negroes? We seem to be getting near the position of Edward Carpenter's *Civilization: its Cause and Cure*. And yet, if we were given our wish, and transported back to a century when human muscles did nearly all the work that was done, we should be intensely irritated at the waste of time and energy which we should find everywhere. It would not be long before we began to write a book called *Barbarism: its Cause and Cure*, for the benefit of our benighted contemporaries.

It is probably very much too late to reverse the decision which our ancestors made tens of thousands of years ago, and which may, for aught we know, have preserved our valuable species from being nipped in the bud. For better or worse, man is the tool-using animal, and as such he has become the lord of creation. When he is lord also of himself, he will deserve his self-chosen title of *homo sapiens*. It is something that we can see before us the dilemma of civilization. Diagnosis is not the same as cure; but in some diseases it is more than half of the physician's task. The two anthropologists whose books we have been considering agree in their diagnosis, though they differ as to treatment. Both are convinced that civilized man, in enslaving the forces of nature, has become less of a man than he was before. He has succeeded in partially superseding himself; many of his natural activities are left unused; and in consequence he is neither healthy nor happy. Outraged nature, as Gibbon says, has her occasional revenges; and civilization is in danger of becoming a systematic and sustained out-

rage against nature. The German savant sees the remedy in more perfect organization ; in other words, our conquest of our environment is to be made more complete. The Englishman advocates the practice of eugenics and of the simple life for those who are willing to submit to this discipline ; he has, apparently, no hope that the mechanization of life can ever be turned to the real improvement and happiness of mankind. It may be that as the German, writing before the cataclysm, underestimates the disruptive forces in society and proposes to "heal too slightly" the wounds of modern life, so the Englishman is too ready to assume that the disorders which have followed the war indicate a final break-up of our whole social order. The future will show whether civilization, as we know it, can be mended or must be ended. The time seems ripe for a new birth of religious and spiritual life, which may remould society, as no less potent force would have the strength to do.

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J. B. PRIESTLEY

(*b.* 1894)

Mr. Priestley is a born critic. He combines with singular confidence the analytic and the constructive senses of criticism, and in the background of all his judgments there stands, like some guardian rock, a deep concern for the dignity, the diversity and the high responsibilities of the literary art. He excels in the felicity of his phrases, and is as much at home with poetry as with prose.

—ARTHUR WAUGH, *The Daily Telegraph.*

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

It is curious that so few foreigners have noticed that we English are a humorous race. If we consult travellers' tales we shall discover that they are anything but consistent : now they say we are an industrious people, now a lazy ; sometimes we are described as being cruel and arrogant, at other times as being unusually kind and good-humoured. There is, however, some measure of agreement among all these visitors. We do not find them saying that the chief defects of the English character are timidity and an absence of self-confidence and self-approval. Most of them would agree with that seventeenth-century Italian visitor who said : " They are of a most manly spirit, and valiant even to rashness in war both by land and sea ; " or with the Venetian Ambassador who remarked : " The English are great lovers of themselves and of everything belonging to them. They think there are no other men like themselves, and no other world but England; and whenever they see a handsome foreigner, they say that he looks like an Englishman, and that it is a great pity he should not be an Englishman ; and when they set any delicacy before a foreigner they ask him if such a thing is made in his country." It is generally agreed, too, that we are

very fond of good living : " They woneth to gluttony more than other men, and are more costly in meat and drink and clothing " ; and again : " The whole nation, beyond all other mortal men, is most given to banqueting and feasts " ; and this—a shrewd French thrust—" The English may be easily brought to anything, provided you fill their bellies, let them have freedom of speech, and do not bear too hard upon their lazy temper."—We catch a glimpse here of an idle junketing race, of that Merry England, in which we have always believed in our heart of hearts, however grim the actual records may be. Yet we have—bestowed the title ourselves ; these foreigners do not mention a Merry England. On the contrary, the greater number of them declare roundly that we are a melancholy and saturnine and morose people.

The legend goes back so far that it may be found embodied in a mediæval Latin proverb : *Anglica gens est optima flens et pessima ridens* ; an astonishing verdict, for whatever our capacity for laughter may be, or may have been, we cannot imagine that at any time the English wept more easily and copiously than other races. Whether Froissart said or did not say that we amused ourselves sadly after the fashion of our country (and the actual remark is found first in the Duc de Sully's *Memoirs*, where it runs, *Les Anglais s'amusent tristement selon l'usage de leur pays*), the fact remains that a great many of his countrymen have repeated it, or made variations upon it, every time it has been necessary to describe us. The legend of our melancholy and moroseness has persisted for centuries in France. One visitor she sent us in the eighteenth century returned to tell his readers that the authorities in

London took care to block up the approaches to the Thames in order that a glimpse of the river should not tempt their citizens to suicide. Yet these precautions, he observes blandly, were without effect, so determined were the English, lost in their native gloom, to put an end to their lives. The legend can show us nothing better than that. When Emerson began his account of our character, in his *English Traits,* he remarked upon this tradition :

> The English race are reputed morose. I do not know that they have sadder brows than their neighbours of northern climates. They are sad by comparison with the singing and dancing nations ; not sadder, but slow and staid, as finding their joys at home. They, too, believe that where there is no enjoyment of life, there can be no vigour and art in speech or thought ; that your merry heart goes all the way, your sad heart tires in a mile. This trait of gloom has been fixed on them by French travellers, who, from Froissart, Voltaire, Le Sage, Mirabeau down to the lively journalists of the *feuilletons,* have spent their wit on the solemnity of their neighbours. The French say, gay conversation is unknown in their island : the Englishman finds no relief from reflection except in reflection : when he wishes for amusement he goes to work : his hilarity is like an attack of fever. Religion, the theatre, and the reading the books of his country, all feed and increase his natural melancholy. The police does not interfere with public diversions. It thinks itself bound in duty to respect the pleasures and rare gaiety of this inconsolable nation ; and their well-known courage is

entirely attributable to their disgust for life.

We can find many excuses, however, for those foreign visitors, and especially the Frenchmen, who have come so quickly to the conclusion that we are for ever morose and melancholy. England is the land of privacy, and, therefore, the stranger who comes here is at a disadvantage. He sees the high walls, but not the gardens they enclose. He watches Englishmen hurrying silently through the streets to their homes, and does not realise that they are hastening away, out of his sight, only in order that they may unbend at last, turning themselves into persons he would not recognise. He hears us whispering together in public places and concludes that we are exchanging trade figures or doleful news, and not little jokes that he would not understand even if he heard them. A French visitor, finding none of that public gaiety which he has come to associate with a pleasurable life, at once imagines that here is nothing but gloom, a whole nation fog-bound in its wits. He forgets, if he ever knew, that nearly everything in England that is of any importance is private and personal, that even our jokes have walls and hedges round them, that there may be a great deal of laughter here that escapes his ears. He will readily fall into the error of imagining that London is a sad city, just as the travelling Englishman comes too easily to the conclusion that Paris is a very gay city. It is likely that both of them have been misled by surface appearances. We can forgive our French visitor, however, once we realize that he is looking for something he cannot find on this side of the Channel. Life in France is leavened by wit, and life in England is leavened by humour. But French wit has about it a public

air, has a background of highly-organized social life ; you can see it flashing down the crowded boulevards ; and even the visitor who is ignorant of the language is aware of its presence as he watches the vivacious groups round the little tables. English humour, on the other hand, is curiously private and domestic, offering nothing to the casual arrival from other countries ; it is part of the atmosphere of the place, a hazy light on things ; it manifests itself in innumerable slow grins and chuckles ; it is not something that can be picked up with the language, but something that must be given time to filter through ; and thus, while it is everywhere, a traveller in a hurry might well be excused for not noticing that it is here at all.

It is from those rare travellers who are not in a hurry, who remain with us and brood over us and yet take care, however long their stay, not to be engulfed in our life, to remain detached, that we learn most about ourselves. Such a one is Mr. George Santayana, who has repaid a hundredfold whatever hospitality this island may have offered him by his *Soliloquies in England*. In this volume of wise and exquisitely embroidered meditations, he does not discuss the subject of English humour, but he does what is, for our purpose here, the next best thing, he discusses the English character with acuteness and unusual sympathy. He asks what it is that governs the Englishman. After replying that it is certainly not intelligence, nor seldom passion, and hardly self-interest, he goes on :

> If we tried to say that what governs him is convention, we should have to ask ourselves how it comes about that England is the paradise of individuality, eccentricity, heresy, anomalies, hobbies, and humours.

Nowhere do we come oftener upon those two social abortions—the affected and the disaffected. Where else would a man inform you, with a sort of proud challenge, that he lived on nuts, or was in correspondence through a medium with Sir Joshua Reynolds, or had been disgustingly housed when last in prison?

Here we may break in to point out that these things of which "England is the paradise" are excellent subject-matter for the humorist, who asks nothing better than to be surrounded by people who are strongly individualistic or eccentric, delighting in heresies, crammed with humours, and all mounted on hobby-horses. We can echo that cry of Mr. Squeers when he tastes the milk and water: "Here's richness!" But Mr. Santayana is waiting to answer his question:

> Let me come to the point boldly; what governs the Englishman is his inner atmosphere, the weather in his soul. It is nothing particularly spiritual or mysterious. When he has taken his exercise and is drinking his tea or his beer and lighting his pipe; when, in his garden or by his fire, he sprawls in an aggressively comfortable chair; when, well-washed and well-brushed he resolutely turns in church to the east and recites the Creed (with genuflexions, if he likes genuflexions) without in the least implying that he believes one word of it; when he hears or sings the most crudely sentimental and thinnest of popular songs, unmoved but not disgusted; when he makes up his mind who is his best friend or his favourite poet; when he adopts a party or a sweet-heart; when he is

hunting or shooting or boating, or striding through the fields ; when he is choosing his clothes or his profession—never is it a precise reason, or purpose, or outer fact that determines him ; it is always the atmosphere of his inner man.

To say that this atmosphere was simply a sense of physical well-being, of coursing blood and a prosperous digestion, would be far too gross ; for while psychic weather is all that, it is also a witness to some settled disposition, some ripening inclination for this or that, deeply rooted in the soul. It gives a sense of direction in life which is virtually a code of ethics, and a religion behind religion. On the other hand, to say it was the vision of any ideal or allegiance to any principle would be making it far too articulate and abstract. The inner atmosphere, when compelled to condense into words, may precipitate some curt maxim or over simple theory as a sort of war cry ; but its puerile language does it injustice, because it broods at a much deeper level than language or even thought. It is a mass of dumb instinct and allegiances, the love of a certain quality of life, to be maintained manfully.

We might say that this inner atmosphere, this weather in the soul, just as much the secret of English humour as the outer atmosphere, the real weather, is the secret of our delectable English landscapes. Our fields and woods and hills are more often than not covered with mists so light that they are nothing but a haze, in which hard edges are rubbed away and colours are softened and blended ; the fields will suddenly be silvered, the woods

will be full of a golden smoke, the hills will take on the bloom of ripe damsons, and the sky will be a wash of delicate colouring as if some water-colourist were for ever at work there ; and this is the sensitive, the misty-eyed and faintly flushing face of England that is at once the despair and the delight of her artists. The English mind is like this landscape of hers. There, too, is a haze, rubbing away the hard edges of ideas, softening and blending the hues of passion. Reason is there but it is not all-conquering and triumphant, setting up its pyramids and obelisks or marking out long straight roads down which the battalions of thought must march. The country does not show a face like a glaring map ; nothing is clearly marked out, and no boundaries can be discovered ; the solid earth is there but sunlight and mist have given it a vague enchantment. Let the sunlight disappear, and everything is grey and very soon seems heavy and sodden. Let the mist be completely banished and the land lie naked and quivering in the sunlight, and there is an end to this enchantment. This, then, is the English mind, where mirth and melancholy play like light and shadow, sunshine and mist ; a mind that once robbed of its bloom and golden haze, is utterly without charm, giving us the leaden-eyed Englishman of the satirists. Fortunately that bloom and that golden haze are there for ever in the long splendour of English literature.

There is something that we may call English humour. We may call it that not merely because England must have her own share of the ludicrous just as she has of the birds or the flowers, the wind and the rain, not merely because there is laughter in London as well as laughter in

Paris or Vienna ; but because there is a humour that is not quite like any other, that has, at least, a twist in it that is purely English, a fact that we notice at once as soon as we have left the common ground of the laughing and the laughable, the universal guffaw. The drolleries of Shakespeare and Dickens, Lamb's Letters and *Alice in Wonderland*, did not make their appearance here by a happy accident : they are as English as the silvery fields that Constable painted. So native, indeed, is this humour of ours that many foreigners, as we have seen, commenting on the moving picture of our daily life and not on the set scene of our literature, have not even remarked its existence. It has not occurred to them that we are a humorous race, that though we may not have gaiety, passion or logic, we have humour. It is as if we were so strange to these visitors that they could not tell whether we were laughing or crying, just as a traveller in an Eastern country might not know whether the music he heard was that of a funeral or a wedding. How ironical it is that the country whose literature can show most laughter should be accused so frequently of not knowing what it is to laugh ! Nor is there any escape by assuming what nobody has the right to assume, namely, that that literature does not mirror the real national temper. The innumerable humorists it can show us, like the lyrical poets, are not changelings, they are Englishmen who have more vivacity of thought and greater powers of expression than their neighbours but whose minds work in the same way ; and it is significant that the humorists proper—as distinct from the wits, the satirists, the ironists—have never had the least difficulty here in capturing the popular

suffrages. We have seen how easily the foreign visitor may be misled ; and his very inability to recognize those humorous traits in our character, his belief that our mirth and melancholy are one, really begins to define our humour. We have also seen what a detached and alien observer, disinterested and very wise, has made of the English mind. If we go a little further with him and try to approach English humour by way of his account of our national character, we shall at least be free from the charge of making no attempt to look at ourselves from the outside.

Here, then, is a companion passage by Mr. Santayana :

> The secret of English mastery is self-mastery. The Englishman establishes a sort of satisfaction and equilibrium in his inner man, and from that citadel of rightness he easily measures the value of everything that comes within his moral horizon. In what may lie beyond he takes but a feeble interest. Enterprising enough when in a roving mood, and fond of collecting outlandish objects and ideas, he seldom allows his wanderings and discoveries to unhinge his home loyalties or ruffle his self-possession ; and he remains, after all his adventures, intellectually as indolent and secure as in the beginning. As to speculative truth, he instinctively halts short of it, as it looms in the distance and threatens to cast a contemptuous and chilling shadow across his life. . . .

If we put this alongside the other passage which describes "the inner atmosphere, the weather in the soul," we find that together they make up an account of the English character that will help us considerably to explain

why we are, among other things, a race of humorists. Because we are individualists, living always for the inner man, we do not combine to bring things to one sharp test ; yet because this "inner atmosphere," this "mass of dumb instincts and allegiances," is roughly the same for most of us, we can appeal to one another, offering judgments, with a fair measure of success. Thus we have standards, but not standards that are exactly known and acknowledged. Where all is known and acknowledged, one set of ideas ruling every mind, there may be wit in plenty—you may see it working like the guillotine—but there will be little humour. The mind must be free to play to be humorous. The doctrinaire, just because his mind is so completely made up and he has standards that he can apply instantly, may enjoy considerable power of wit and satire but he has no humour, and such laughter as he has will be savage and fully condemnatory. The Englishman rarely turns doctrinaire if only because he will not abandon himself to a few leading ideas and first principles, will not turn over that inner man, with his instincts and allegiances, to the drill sergeant of the intellect. It happens, however, that there are some features of English life that show us standards known and acknowledged—for example, social conduct in a certain class—and, as soon as these sides of life are approached, we are likely to get something lower than humour, laughter that is hard and condemnatory and not reflective and indulgent. It is as difficult for the snob to be a humorist as it is for the doctrinaire. On the other hand, had we no standards at all, if there was no inner atmosphere, no love of "a certain quality of life," nothing to which we could appeal in one

another, humour would be impossible, for we could never declare of anything that it was really absurd. There are many good men and women in this predicament ; they may laugh, but not a glimmer of humour ever visits the moonless prairie of their minds.

Again, because we are determined not by a precise reason, nor purpose, nor outer fact—in Mr. Santayana's words—but by the atmosphere of the inner man, knowing more or less what we want and what we like but never knowing exactly why, it is perhaps easier for us English to achieve that balance of sympathy and antipathy necessary for the full appreciation of the ludicrous. Hazlitt saw this, though it is a pity that when he did see it he chanced to be in one of his surliest moods and somewhat out of temper with his countrymen ;

> The humour of English writing and description has often been wondered at ; and it flows from the same source as the merry traits of our character. A degree of barbarism and rusticity seems necessary to the perfection of humour. The droll and laughable depend on peculiarity and incongruity of character. But, with the progress of refinement, the peculiarities of individuals and of classes wear out or lose their sharp, abrupt edges ; nay, a certain slowness and dullness of understanding is required to be struck with odd and unaccountable appearances, for which a greater facility of apprehension can sooner assign an explanation that breaks the force of the seeming absurdity, and to which a wide scope of imagination is more easily reconciled. Clowns and country people are more amused, are more disposed to laugh and

make sport of the dress of strangers, because from their ignorance the surprise is greater, and they cannot conceive anything to be natural or proper to which they are unused. Without a given portion of hardness and repulsiveness of feeling the ludicrous cannot well exist. Wonder and curiosity, the attributes of inexperience, enter greatly into its composition. Now it appears to me that the English are (or were) just at that mean point between intelligence and obtuseness, which must produce the most abundant and happiest crop of humour. Absurdity and singularity glide over the French mind without jarring or jostling with it ; or they evaporate in levity ; with the Italians they are lost in indolence and pleasure. The ludicrous takes hold of the English imagination, and clings to it with all its ramifications. We resent any difference or peculiarity of appearance at first, and yet, having not much malice at our hearts, we are glad to turn it into a jest—we are liable to be offended, and as willing to be pleased—struck with oddity from not knowing what to make of it, we wonder and burst out alaughing at the eccentricity of others, while we follow our own bent from wilfulness or simplicity, and thus afford them, in our turn, matter for the indulgence of the comic vein. . . ."

This is well said, but it shows some confusion of thought. Hazlitt is never quite sure whether he is discussing method or material, the marksman or the target. And while he is right in saying that wonder and curiosity are necessary for humour, he is obviously wrong in supposing that these are only "the attributes of inexperience."

Wonder and curiosity may not necessarily indicate clownishness, for they happen to be present, too, wherever there is a powerful imagination. A Shakespeare can discover absurdities, can "be struck with odd and unaccountable appearances," like any rustic, but he could hardly be accused of having what Hazlitt says he ought to have : "a certain slowness and dullness of understanding." Yet, perhaps, in one sense, he could be so accused, for the very strength of his imagination, keeping alive that wonder and curiosity which are always active in children and simple people and good poets, defeats that complacent understanding which turns us into men of the world and shallow philosophers and cleverish persons. Such an imagination would always keep its possessor happily inexperienced, and would fill the world with odd and unaccountable appearances. It is only fair to Hazlitt, however, to say that we have taken him away from his own ground, and are referring his arguments to a different level of humour from that he had in mind. But the latter part of his paragraph is important, for there he notices that balance of sympathy and antipathy which we have already remarked in the English character. He sees that we resent any difference or peculiarity but that we do not resent it too much. Feeling tolerably sure of ourselves, we do not see in this difference or peculiarity a very disturbing challenge ; it does not anger or frighten us ; and so our slight resentment quickly dissolves into laughter. This happens all the more frequently because that intellectual indolence of ours prevents us from inquiring gravely into the root cause of any such difference or peculiarity. And when these are merely a matter of appearance or manners,

which is what Hazlitt has in mind, the laughter may be complacent and foolish itself, and indeed often is. English humour is at its best and is really most characteristic of the national mind when it penetrates these surfaces and deals with character.

Here again, however, in the humour of character, you may see the same attitude of mind at work. There is a curious balance of sympathy and antipathy, but now the level has been raised; the little resentment has become mockery, sharp as a needle and quick as lightning, while the easy acquiescence, the tolerance, the good nature, on the other side are now affection and tenderness. Thus the humour of character might be described as tender mockery. It is to be found, of course, in some of the world's greatest literature, but it is also to be found, bubbling away, round the nearest corner, wherever there is a happy family. Husbands and wives, fathers and children, if they happen to be affectionate, fairly shrewd, and laughter-loving, appear to one another as comic characters in the best tradition of humour. The literature of this kind only universalizes a domestic joke. At one time it was thought that the humorist was completely antipathetic to his comic characters. Shakespeare was imagined shaking his head over the incorrigible Falstaff. Then it was observed that the great comic figures seemed to live in an atmosphere of affectionate indulgence, that the humorist delighted in his creatures and had not put them forward as bad examples or mere targets; and so critics concluded that sympathy and not antipathy was the secret of humour. You laughed, it was said, because you loved. But this view is clearly as false as the other. It is

true that we laugh at those we love, but that is because we have come to know them so well, that certain traits or habits, as familiar to us as their faces, seem peculiarly absurd. These traits or habits are never those that we admire, and indeed we really resent them, but because they are joined with so much that is lovable, our resentment is checked by an opposing rush of tenderness and affection, and we find ourselves laughing. Thus these characteristics, so long as we are feeling indulgent, seem delightfully ridiculous ; but when we happen to be out of patience they may appear even detestable. It is essential that these traits or habits, which must be resented but not too actively resented, should be no great matter to us. It is likely that Smith's wife will not be amused by the fact that Smith occasionally gets drunk, whereas his friends may be highly amused and see him as a comic figure ; but they, in their turn, will not see him long as a comic figure if he continually gets drunk, whereas people who merely heard stories about him or met him as a character in a book might roar with laughter at the fact that he was never sober. Again, neither in life nor literature (though we are, of course, far more tolerant in literature) do we find a really humorous character who flaunts the darkest and most terrible vices. In the East it might be possible to make a torturer or murderer into a comic figure, but it cannot be done here ; our resentment would be so intense that it could not be dissolved into anything approaching honest and genial laughter. Even a Tartuffe is a figure of intellectual comedy and not of humour ; and Pecksniff is only a humorous character now because we do not find our

imagination really held by the action in which he takes part, because we enjoy him as a comic phrase-maker and do not believe in him as a villain. And Pecksniff is not one of our major comic characters. These are all at once odd and lovable, so constituted that though there are things about them that we cannot admire in a fellow creature and indeed might detest in someone else, our disapproval or contempt is counter-balanced by our affection for them, an affection that is only increased by the entertainment they give us, for which we cannot help feeling grateful. By the time we have come to know the two parts of *Henry IV* we find that our attitude towards Falstaff is by no means the same as it was when we were first making his acquaintance : we have learned to love the old rascal, though we still recognize the fact that he is an old rascal.

This humour of character, reaching its greatest height in such figures as Falstaff, is itself the richest and wisest kind of humour, sweetening and mellowing life for us. In England it ripens like the apple.

That is one way of linking humour and the English character. Here is another. Humour has been well defined as " thinking in fun while feeling in earnest." The English do not approach life intellectually ; they do not demand that it shall conform to some rigid mental plan ; they are not convinced that the universe can be penetrated by thought ; they look askance at those grand first principles that seem to some alien people the very foundations of the world ; they are willing to go to work, either in politics or art, without a theory to sustain them ; and when they are more practical than other races, it is not—as

those races frequently conclude—because they are coldly clear-sighted and unimaginative, but because they do not busy themselves asking reason to find a key when instinct has already shown them that the door is wide open. Thus, if they should think at all, they are quite likely to do a great deal of "thinking in fun." On the other hand, the English float through life on a deep if narrow stream of feeling ; they commonly live in a matriarchy of the heart, unlike some other more effusive races, who flaunt the heart as if it were some new mistress and use the emotions to decorate some purely rational scheme of life ; they live in such a deep intimacy with their feelings that they find it difficult and distasteful to reveal them ; they have a horror of pretended feeling or easy emotion just because feeling to them is the key to the inner citadel, and to lose control of themselves is to reveal the last secret. Thus, when they are feeling at all, they are generally "feeling in earnest" ! And if humour is thinking in fun while feeling in earnest, there should be humour in England.

George Meredith used to ask : "Is it accepted of song ?" He proposed song as a test. If your feelings survived the ordeal of sustaining a good sonnet, then they were worth having, were genuine and noble. This is only a companion test to that other which we have long imposed : is it accepted of humour ? We ask that men and ideas and art shall survive the ordeal of laughter. That is why we in England have had so much burlesque and parody, neither of which has ever injured good work but has always been fatal to bad. In no other country will you hear so much talk about a sense of humour. "But has he a sense of humour ?" we are always asking

one another. It is a question that irritates some people, and we remember a very angry preface by one of the best of our younger poets, Mr. Robert Nichols, in which he calls a sense of humour a bogey. "Slay humour ere humour slays you," he cries to his degenerate grinning countrymen ; and would seem to be trying to make them afraid of ever seeing a joke again. But being a good Englishman and a good artist, Mr. Nichols is no enemy to real humour, as he very quickly shows by talking very well about it in this same preface : he tells us that the function of humour is "to twitch the self-elected by the sleeve, shake its bells, hold up its mirror at an awkward angle, and ask his master how he likes his image"; and then later he declares that humour "is a tonic medicine, restoring clouded or overweening fancies to clarity." What he was really objecting to is the sniggering of unimaginative persons, and it is a pity he did not say so. But if Mr. Nichols or anyone else told us that we talk too much about humour, we ought to have our reply ready. "Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing!" Nor do we talk about a sense of humour for nothing. From what we have seen of the English character, we can easily imagine—even if we had not observed the fact—that the Englishman without humour is in a worse case than the solemn specimen of some other nationality. Governed, as he is, by that inner atmosphere, that weather in the soul ; if there is no sense of humour to keep in check his egoism, his ponderous vanity, his intellectual wilfulness, then they will be left to run riot. Mr. Podsnap and Sir Willoughby Patterne are capital examples of the Englishman without humour ; and no other

race could have spawned these solemn monsters. We must remember Mr. Santayana's remark: "Nowhere do we come oftener upon those two social abortions, the affected and the disaffected." We all know, and, as they usually travel a good deal, the observant foreigner knows them too, and imagines they are typical. What he does not know is that they are typical of England outside its state of grace, of the English mind unleavened by humour; and that he is really seeing *Hamlet* without the Prince, the butts without the host of marksmen. He forgets that if we have more unsmiling oddities than other nations, we have also more people fully capable of enjoying whatever plumed idiocies they may bring forth. You will find Justice Shallow and Cousin Silence prattling and mumbling together somewhere in this island. But you will also find Jack Falstaff there too, laughing at them.

—From *English Humour.*

G. B. SHAW

(*b.* 1856)

" By his brilliant criticism of contemporary art and drama, he helped to raise the intellectual and moral quality of the artistic output. Ruskin and Morris had preached eloquently and earnestly Art for life's sake. Shaw took up the burden of their preaching, engineering it with all the resources of wit and dialectic cunning at his command."

—ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT, *A History of English Literature.*

HOW WEALTH ACCUMULATES AND MEN DECAY

I WANT to stress this personal helplessness we are all stricken with in the face of a system that has passed beyond our knowledge and control. To bring it nearer home, I propose that we switch off from the big things, like empires and their wars to little familiar things. Take pins for example ! I do not know why it is that I so seldom use a pin when my wife cannot get on without boxes of them at hand ; but it is so ; and I will therefore take pins as being for some reason specially important to women.

There was a time when pinmakers could buy the material ; shape it ; make the head and the point ; ornament it ; and take it to market or to your door and sell it to you. They had to know three trades ; buying, making, and selling ; and the making required skill in several operations. They not only knew how the thing was done from beginning to end, but could do it. But they could not afford to sell you a paper of pins for a farthing. Pins cost so much that a woman's dress allowance was called pin money.

By the end of the eighteenth century Adam Smith boasted that it took eighteen men to make a pin, each man doing a little bit of the job and passing the pin on to the next, and none of them being able to make a whole pin or to buy the materials or to sell it when it was made.

The most you could say for them was that at least they had some idea of how it was made, though they could not make it. Now as this meant that they were clearly less capable and knowledgeable men than the old pin-makers, you may ask why Adam Smith boasted of it as a triumph of civilization when its effect was so clearly a degrading effect. The reason was that by setting each man to do just one little bit of the work and nothing but that, over and over again, he became very quick at it. The men, it is said, could turn out nearly five thousand pins a day each ; and thus pins became plentiful and cheap. The country was supposed to be richer because it had more pins, though it had turned capable men into mere machines doing their work without intelligence, and being fed by the spare food of the capitalist as an engine is fed with coals and oil. That was why the poet Goldsmith, who was a farsighted economist as well as a poet, complained that "wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Nowadays Adam Smith's eighteen men are as extinct as the diplodocus. The eighteen flesh-and-blood machines are replaced by machines of steel which spout out pins by the hundred million. Even sticking them into pink papers is done by machinery. The result is that with the exception of a few people who designed the machines, nobody knows how to make a pin or how a pin is made : that is to say, the modern worker in pin manufacture need not be one-tenth so intelligent and skilful and accomplished as the old pinmaker ; and the only compensation we have for this deterioration is that pins are so cheap that a single pin has no expressible value at all. Even with a big profit stuck on to the cost-price you can buy dozens for a farth-

ing ; and pins are so recklessly thrown away and wasted that verses have to be written to persuade children (without success) that it is a sin to steal a pin.

Many serious thinkers, like John Ruskin and William Morris, have been greatly troubled by this, just as Goldsmith was, and have asked whether we really believe that it is an advance in wealth to lose our skill and degrade our workers for the sake of being able to waste pins by the ton. We shall see later on, when we come to consider the Distribution of Leisure, that the cure for this is not to go back to the old ways ; for if the saving of time by modern machinery were equally divided among us, it would set us all free for higher work than pinmaking or the like. But in the meantime the fact remains that pins are now made by men and women who cannot make anything by themselves, and could not arrange between themselves to make anything even in little bits. They are ignorant and helpless, and cannot lift their finger to begin their day's work until it has all been arranged for them by their employers, who themselves do not understand the machines they buy, and simply pay other people to set them going by carrying out the machine maker's directions.

The same is true of clothes. Formerly the whole work of making clothes, from the shearing of the sheep to the turning out of the finished and washed garment ready to put on, had to be done in the country by the men and women of the household, especially the women ; so that to this day an unmarried woman is called a spinster. Nowadays nothing is left of all this but the sheep-shearing ; and even that, like the milking of cows, is being done

by machinery, as the sewing is. Give a woman a sheep to-day and ask her to produce a woollen dress for you; and not only will she be quite unable to do it, but you are as likely as not to find that she is not even aware of any connection between sheep and clothes. When she gets her clothes, which she does by buying them at a shop, she knows that there is a difference between wool and cotton and silk, between flannel and merino, perhaps even between stockinet and other wefts; but as to how they are made, or what they are made of, or how they came to be in the shop ready for her to buy, she knows hardly anything. And the shop assistant from whom she buys is no wiser. The people engaged in the making of them know even less; for many of them are too poor to have much choice of materials when they buy their own clothes.

Thus the capitalist system has produced an almost universal ignorance of how things are made and done, whilst at the same time it has caused them to be made and done on a gigantic scale. We have to buy books and encyclopedias to find out what it is we are doing all day; and as the books are written by people who are not doing it, and who get their information from other books, what they tell us is from twenty to fifty years out of date, and unpractical at that. And of course most of us are too tired of our work when we come home to want to read about it: what we need is a cinema to take our minds off it and feed our imagination.

It is a funny place, this world of Capitalism, with its astonishing spread of ignorance and helplessness, boasting all the time of its spread of education and enlightenment. There stand the thousands of property owners and millions

of wage workers, none of them able to make anything, none of them knowing what to do until somebody tells them, none of them having the least notion of how it is that they find people paying them money, and things in the shops to buy with it. And when they travel they are surprised to find that savages and Esquimaux and villagers who have to make everything for themselves are more intelligent and resourceful! The wonder would be if they were anything else. We should die of idiocy through disuse of our mental faculties if we did not fill our heads with romantic nonsense out of illustrated newspapers and novels and plays and films. Such stuff keeps us alive ; but it falsifies everything for us so absurdly that it leaves us more or less dangerous lunatics in the real world.

Excuse my going on like this ; but as I am a writer of books and plays myself, I know the folly and peril of it better than you do. And when I see that this moment of our utmost ignorance and helplessness, delusion and folly, has been stumbled on by the blind forces of Capitalism as the moment for giving votes to everybody, so that the few wise women are hopelessly overruled by the thousands whose political minds, as far as they can be said to have any political minds at all, have been formed in the cinema, I realize that I had better stop writing plays for a while to discuss political and social realities in this book with those who are intelligent enough to listen to me.

—From *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism.*

LYTTON STRACHEY

(*b.* 1880)

"One of the most brilliant of living prose-writers is Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose skill in short biography is without precedent in our literature..........Mr. Strachey certainly has an art of making his pages live. Moreover, he has a gift of convincing portraiture, and those who have read his Life of Florence Nightingale in *Eminent Victorians* are relieved for ever of the doubt whether that half-mythical figure was really a woman of flesh and blood."

—BERNARD GROOM, *A Literary History of England.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

EVERY one knows the popular conception of Florence Nightingale. The saintly, self-sacrificing woman, the delicate maiden of high degree who threw aside the pleasures of a life of ease to succour the afflicted, the Lady with the Lamp, gliding through the horrors of the hospital at Scutari, and consecrating with the radiance of her goodness the dying soldier's couch—the vision is familiar to all. But the truth was different. The Miss Nightingale of fact was not as facile fancy painted her. She worked in another fashion, and towards another end ; she moved under the stress of an impetus which finds no place in the popular imagination. A Demon possessed her. Now demons, whatever else they may be, are full of interest. And so it happens that in the real Miss Nightingale there was more that was interesting than in the legendary one ; there was also less that was agreeable.

Her family was extremely well-to-do and connected by marriage with a spreading circle of other well-to-do families. There was a large country house in Derbyshire ; there was another in the New Forest ; there were Mayfair rooms for the London season and all its finest parties ; there were tours on the Continent with even

more than the usual number of Italian operas and of glimpses at the celebrities of Paris. Brought up among such advantages, it was only natural to suppose that Florence would show a proper appreciation of them by doing her duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call her—in other words, by marrying, after a fitting number of dances and dinner-parties, an eligible gentleman, and living happily ever afterwards. Her sister, her cousins, all the young ladies of her acquaintance, were either getting ready to do this or had already done it. It was inconceivable that Florence should dream of anything else ; yet dream she did. Ah ! To do her duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call her ! Assuredly she would not be behindhand in doing her duty ; but unto what state of life *had* it pleased God to call her ? That was the question. God's calls are many, and they are strange. Unto what state of life had it pleased Him to call Charlotte Corday, or Elizabeth of Hungary ? What was that secret voice in her ear, if it was not a call ? Why had she felt, from her earliest years, those mysterious promptings towards......she hardly knew what, but certainly towards something very different from anything around her ? Why, as a child in the nursery, when her sister had shown a healthy pleasure in tearing her dolls to pieces, had *she* shown an almost morbid one in sewing them up again ? Why was she driven now to minister to the poor in their cottages, to watch by sick-beds, to put her dog's wounded paw into elaborate splints as if it was a human being ? Why was her head filled with queer imaginations of the country house at Embley turned, by some enchantment, into a

hospital, with herself as matron moving about among the beds? Why was even her vision of heaven itself filled with suffering patients to whom she was being useful? So she dreamed and wondered, and, taking out her diary, she poured into it the agitations of her soul. And then the bell rang, and it was time to go and dress for dinner.

As the years passed, a restlessness began to grow upon her. She was unhappy, and at last she knew it. Mrs. Nightingale, too, began to notice that there was something wrong. It was very odd; what could be the matter with dear Flo? Mr. Nightingale suggested that a husband might be advisable; but the curious thing was that she seemed to take no interest in husbands. And with her attractions, and her accomplishments, too! There was nothing in the world to prevent her making a really brilliant match. But no! She would think of nothing but how to satisfy that singular craving of hers to be *doing* something. As if there was not plenty to do in any case, in the ordinary way, at home. There was the china to look after, and there was her father to be read to after dinner. Mrs. Nightingale could not understand it; and then one day her perplexity was changed to consternation and alarm. Florence announced an extreme desire to go to Salisbury Hospital for several months as a nurse; and she confessed to some visionary plan of eventually setting up in a house of her own in a neighbouring village, and there founding "something like a Protestant Sisterhood, without vows, for women of educated feelings." The whole scheme was summarily brushed aside as preposterous; and Mrs. Nightingale, after the first shock of terror, was able to settle down

again more or less comfortably to her embroidery. But Florence, who was now twenty-five and felt that the dream of her life had been shattered, came near to desperation.

And, indeed, the difficulties in her path were great. For not only was it an almost unimaginable thing in those days for a woman of means to make her own way in the world and to live in independence, but the particular profession for which Florence was clearly marked out both by her instincts and her capacities was at that time a peculiarly disreputable one. A "nurse" meant then a coarse old woman, always ignorant, usually dirty, often brutal, a Mrs. Gamp, in bunched-up sordid garments, tippling at the brandy-bottle or indulging in worse irregularities. The nurses in the hospitals were especially notorious for immoral conduct; sobriety was almost unknown among them; and they could hardly be trusted to carry out the simplest medical duties. Certainly, things have changed since those days; and that they *have* changed is due, far more than to any other human being, to Miss Nightingale herself. It is not to be wondered at that her parents should have shuddered at the notion of their daughter devoting her life to such an occupation. "It was as if," she herself said afterwards, "I had wanted to be a kitchen-maid." Yet the want, absurd, impracticable as it was, not only remained fixed immovable in her heart, but grew in intensity day by day. Her wretchedness deepened into a morbid melancholy. Everything about her was vile, and she herself, it was clear, to have deserved such misery, was even viler than her surroundings. Yes, she had sinned—"standing before God's

judgment seat." "No one," she declared, "has so grieved the Holy Spirit"; of that she was quite certain. It was in vain that she prayed to be delivered from vanity and hypocrisy, and she could not bear to smile or to be gay, "because she hated God to hear her laugh, as if she had not repented of her sin."

A weaker spirit would have been overwhelmed by the load of such distresses—would have yielded or snapped. But this extraordinary young woman held firm, and fought her way to victory. With an amazing persistency, during the eight years that followed her rebuff over Salisbury Hospital, she struggled and worked and planned. While superficially she was carrying on the life of a brilliant girl in high society, while internally she was a prey to the tortures of regret and of remorse she yet possessed the energy to collect the knowledge and to undergo the experience which alone could enable her to do what she had determined she would do in the end. In secret she devoured the reports of medical commissions, the pamphlets of sanitary authorities, the histories of hospitals and homes. She spent the intervals of the London season in ragged schools and workhouses. When she went abroad with her family, she used her spare time so well that there was hardly a great hospital in Europe with which she was not acquainted, hardly a great city whose slums she had not passed through. She managed to spend some days in a convent school in Rome, and some weeks as a "Sœur de Charité" in Paris. Then, while her mother and sister were taking the waters at Carlsbad, she succeeded in slipping off to a nursing institution at Kaiserswerth, where she remained for more than three

months. This was the critical event of her life. The experience which she gained as a nurse at Kaiserswerth formed the foundation of all her future action and finally fixed her in her career.

But one other trial awaited her. The allurements of the world she had brushed aside with disdain and loathing; she had resisted the subtler temptation which, in her weariness, had sometimes come upon her, of devoting her baffled energies to art or literature; the last ordeal appeared in the shape of a desirable young man. Hitherto, her lovers had been nothing to her but an added burden and a mockery; but now—. For a moment, she wavered. A new feeling swept over her—a feeling which she had never known before, which she was never to know again. The most powerful and the profoundest of all the instincts of humanity laid claim upon her. But it rose before her, that instinct, arrayed—how could it be otherwise?—in the inevitable habiliments of a Victorian marriage; and she had the strength to stamp it under foot. "I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction", she noted, "and that would find it in him. I have a passional nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a moral, an active nature which requires satisfaction, and that would not find it in his life. Sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passional nature at all events......" But no, *she knew* in her heart that it could not be. "To be nailed to a continuation and exaggeration of my present life......to put it out of my power ever to be able to seize the chance of forming for myself a true and rich life"—that would be a suicide. She made her choice, and refused what

was at least a certain happiness for a visionary good which might never come to her at all. And so she returned to her old life of waiting and bitterness. "The thoughts and feelings that I have now," she wrote, "I can remember since I was six years old. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties, I have always felt essential to me, I have always longed for. The first thought I can remember, and the last, was nursing work; and in the absence of this, education work, but more the education of the bad than of the young......Everything has been tried, foreign travel, kind friends, everything. My God! What is to become of me?" A desirable young man? Dust and ashes! What was there desirable in such a thing as that? "In my thirty-first year," she noted in her diary, "I see nothing desirable but death."

Three more years passed, and then at last the pressure of time told; her family seemed to realise that she was old enough and strong enough to have her way; and she became the superintendent of a charitable nursing home in Harley Street. She had gained her independence, though it was in a meagre sphere enough; and her mother was still not quite resigned: surely Florence might at least spend the summer in the country. At times, indeed, among her inmates, Mrs. Nightingale almost wept. "We are ducks," she said with tears in her eyes, "who have hatched a wild swan." But the poor lady was wrong; it was not a swan that they had hatched; it was an eagle.

—From *Eminent Victorians.*

"*TIMES*" THIRD LEADER

It may be said without disparagement of the other columns of *The Times* that, while some may be more necessary, none is so engaging as its Third Leader Column, or mixes so well with the marmalade of the breakfast table. The chilliest morning eye, having scanned the public horizon from the deck of the First and Second Leaders, and seen national disaster postponed for another day, warms into humanity at the sight of this pinnace which comes bobbing in their wake. It is like passing from the inanimate majesty of concrete and steel girders to heart of oak. I know nothing quite like these Leaders in modern English writing. They are the work of a number of hands, in the *Times* Office and outside it, and probably none of the writers is acquainted with all the others, or could even enumerate the whole confederacy. Yet in their style and temper there is nothing discrepant ; but for some outcrops of special knowledge they might be the expression of one mind. They are extemporal compositions written, for the most part, under the conditions of daily journalism, but they seem to have profited by all the advantages of quick writing, and to have escaped all its grosser penalties. They have the speed and precision of a task efficiently performed, on which no time has been wasted, but they draw without effort on a fund of leisured observation and unhurried thought. They have preserved, against all temptations to the contrary, the true essayist's humour, an air of candid disengagement, of observant but detached concern.

—GEORGE GORDON, *Third Leaders From " The Times."*

Report

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Peking, June 14.

A letter received from the Rev. Bert Nelson, of the United Lutheran Mission, who has been in the hands of bandits in Northern Hupeh for eight months, states that his captors have now decided to retain him indefinitely as a teacher of English. Although the articles[1] asked for his ransom have been delivered the bandits are making further demands, which include pianos, organs, and printing presses, which the mission has no intention of supplying.

A BANDITS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

Chinese bandits no less than English burglars are human after all, and their capacity for innocent enjoyment is as great as any ordinary man's. Their contact with the outside world is so fitful and violent that they have few opportunities of making themselves understood and liked, but it is not difficult to see what very ordinary fellows they really are. Having captured an American missionary they want to exchange him for more mundane delights, and in particular for gramophone records—probably jazz—tennis rackets, footballs, chess boards, and

[1]The articles demanded earlier were gramophone records, tennis rackets, wrist-watches, fountain-pens and footballs.

fountain-pens. For all these things the bandits in Northern Hupeh asked two months ago, and the mission supplied them. Many a man and many a boy has been led to renounce wickedness by way of the amenities of a club conducted in connection with a mission, and it was a reasonable hope that in the intervals of banditry quiet evenings spent at chess or pingpong might lead to an appreciation of the merits of civilized life and a desire to maintain the framework of society in which alone such pleasures are possible for long. Nor has the calculation proved at fault. Two months have passed and the bandits have gone on to demand pianos and organs and printing presses. These requests are gratifying as evidence of a desire to create and to contribute to the common stock of the world's culture. Too often the gramophone has been regarded as the enemy of the piano, and scepticism has met the assertion that it educates the mental ear and makes the finger itch to play. In the same way the demand for printing presses shows that the earlier request for fountain-pens was not altogether idle. Works have been produced with those fountain-pens which, in the opinion of their authors at any rate, are worthy of a wider public than one composed of captives and fellow-bandits. It is in keeping with the character of these last requests that the bandits accompany them with an announcement that they do not intend to release the missionary, but to retain him indefinitely to teach them English.

Their passion for self-improvement does not let them shrink from such a study, but it places the missionary in something of a dilemma. Bandits who become

really proficient in English may feel that the business worlds of England and America lie open before them, and that it may be well worth while to listen attentively to sermons which give mastery of such an important commercial tongue. The first rule of success for ambitious young Chinaman may become to kidnap a missionary, make him teach them English as the price of his freedom, and then enter upon a larger field of operations. The mission frowns on these developments and announces that it will not send the printing presses and the organs. After all there is a perversity about bandits who ignore, if they do not try to burn, mission schools, and then painfully build up in their own haunts what amount in the end to the same thing. The same thing with a difference, the bandits would reply, for there is a world of difference between going to school and having a tutor in your own home. When Edward VII as Prince of Wales studied at Oxford he lived in his own house, and the Regius Professor of History waited upon him to instruct him in the past fortunes of his country. That was a very different thing from going to lectures, and the attitude of the bandits combines the old regal attitude to instruction with the new attitude of juvenile Communism towards schools and schooling. If the temptation to play with the gramophone and other pleasant things sent by the mission becomes too strong during lessons in English orthography, the discipline of a kidnapped teacher is not likely to be oppressive. It is, perhaps, hardly the ideal way for English as a civilizing medium to be spread in China, but it is something to find a real desire to learn. China is traditionally a cultured place, and it is difficult

to imagine English cracksman or American hold-up men devoting special attention to the acquisition of a Chinese captive and then settling down to become his pupils although popular tradition and popular literature credit the Chinaman with being able to teach a thing or two to the less skilful criminals of the West. Even if it is the vogue of the detective story and a distant echo of the reputation of Mr. Edgar Wallace, which makes Chinese bandits feel they are missing something as long as they do not know English, it is gratifying, and abates a little the edge from their atrocities, to find a willingness to learn among people whom neither the Board of Education nor the National Union of Teachers would have ventured, even in their most sanguine and Napoleonic moments, to include among their destined prey.

—From *Follow My Leader.*

(By kind permission of Messrs. Edward Arnold & Co.)

H. G. WELLS

(*b.* 1886)

"TONO-BUNGAY is the masterful epic of modern quackery. Mr. Wells has said that his intention was "to give a view of the whole strange advertising civilisation of which London is the centre." The first two-thirds of the novel are vastly superior to the last third, but in its analysis of the leisured, rather futile life of country houses, the sordid piety of the struggling tradesman, the flamboyant adventures of the advertising quack, it is a great achievement, certainly one of the most important half-dozen novels that have been written since the beginning of this century. Mr. Wells has nothing but scorn for the society that permits great fortunes to be made by quackery......"

—JOHN DRINKWATER, *The Outline of Literature.*

HOW WE MADE TONO-BUNGAY HUM

So I made my peace with my uncle and we set out upon this bright enterprise of selling slightly injurious rubbish at one-and-three-halfpence and two-and-nine a bottle, including the Government stamp. We made Tono-Bungay hum! It brought us wealth, influence, respect, the confidence of endless people. All that my uncle promised me proved truth and understatement; Tono-Bungay carried me to freedoms and powers that no life of scientific research, no passionate service of humanity could ever have given me......

It was my uncle's genius that did it. No doubt he needed me,—I was, I will admit, his indispensable right hand; but his was the brain to conceive. He wrote every advertisement; some of them even he sketched. You must remember that his were the days before the *Times* took to enterprise and the vociferous hawking of that *Encyclopædia.* That alluring, button holing, let-me-just-tell-you-quite-soberly-something-you-ought-to-know style of newspaper advertisement, with every now and then a convulsive jump of some attractive phrase into capitals, was then almost a novelty. "Many people who are MODERATELY well think they are QUITE WELL," was

one of his early efforts. The jerks in capitals were, " DO NOT NEED DRUGS OR MEDICINE," and " SIMPLY A PROPER REGIMEN TO GET YOU IN TONE." One was warned against the chemist or druggist who pushed " much advertised nostrums " on one's attention. That trash did more harm than good. The thing needed was regimen—and Tono-Bungay !

Very early, too, was that bright little quarter column, at least it was usually a quarter column in the evening papers ; "HILARITY—TONO-BUNGAY. Like Mountain Air in the Veins." The penetrating trio of questions : " Are you bored with your Business ? Are you bored with your Dinner ? Are you bored with your Wife ? "—that too was in our Gower Street days. Both these we had in our first campaign when we worked London south, central, and west ; and then, too, we had our first poster, —the HEALTH, BEAUTY, AND STRENGTH one.

These things were only incidentally in my department. I had to polish them up for the artist and arrange the business of printing and distribution, and after my uncle had had a violent and needless quarrel with the advertisement manager of the *Daily Regulator* about the amount of display given to one of his happy thoughts, I also took up the negotiation of advertisements for the press.

We discussed and worked out distribution together—first in the drawing-room floor in Gower Street with my aunt sometimes helping very shrewdly, and then, with a steadily improving type of cigar and older and older whisky, in his snuggery at their first house, the one in Beckenham. Often we worked far into the night—some-

times until dawn.

We really worked infernally hard, and I recall, we worked with a very decided enthusiasm, not simply on my uncle's part but mine. It was a game, an absurd but absurdly interesting game, and the points were scored in cases of bottles. People think a happy notion is enough to make a man rich, that fortunes can be made without toil. It's a dream, as every millionaire (except one or two lucky gamblers) can testify; I doubt if J. D. Rockefeller in the early days of Standard Oil, worked harder than we did. We worked far into the night—and we also worked all day. We made a rule to be always dropping in at the factory unannounced to keep things right—for at first we could afford no properly responsible underlings—and we travelled London, pretending to be our own representatives and making all sorts of special arrangements.

But none of this was my special work, and as soon as we could get other men in, I dropped the travelling, though my uncle found it particularly interesting and kept it up for years. "Does me good, George, to see the chaps behind their counters like I was once," he explained. My special and distinctive duty was to give Tono-Bungay substance and an outward and visible bottle, to translate my uncle's great imaginings into the creation of case after case of labelled bottles of nonsense, and the punctual discharge of them by railway, road and steamer towards their ultimate goal in the Great Stomach of the People. By all modern standards the business was, as my uncle would say, "absolutely *bona fide*." We sold our stuff and got the money, and spent the money honestly in lies

and clamour to sell more stuff. Section by section we spread it over the whole of the British Isles ; first working the middle class London suburbs, then the outer suburbs, then the home counties, then going (with new bills and a more pious style of "ad") into Wales, a great field always for a new patent-medicine, and then into Lancashire. My uncle had in his inner office a big map of England, and as we took up fresh sections of the local press and our consignments invaded new areas, flags for advertisements and pink underlines for orders showed our progress.

"The romance of modern commerce, George!" my uncle would say, rubbing his hands together and drawing in air through his teeth. "The romance of modern commerce, eh? Conquest. Province by province. Like sogers."

We subjugated England and Wales ; we rolled over the Cheviots with a special adaptation containing eleven per cent. of absolute alcohol ; "Tono-Bungay. Thistle Brand." We also had the Fog poster adapted to a kilted Briton in a misty Highland scene.

Under the shadow of our great leading line we were presently taking subsidiary specialities into action ; "Tono-Bungay Hair Stimulant" was our first supplement. Then came "Concentrated Tono-Bungay" for the eyes. That didn't go, but we had a considerable success with the hair Stimulant. We broached the subject, I remember, in a little Catechism beginning : "Why does the hair fall out? Because the follicles are fagged. What are the follicles?......" So it went on to the climax that the Hair Stimulant contained all "The essential principles

of that most reviving tonic, Tono-Bungay, together with an emollient and nutritious oil derived from crude Neat's Foot Oil by a process of refinement, separation and deodorization......It will be manifest to any one of scientific attainments that in Neat's Foot Oil derived from the hoofs and horns of beasts, we must necessarily have a *natural* skin and hair lubricant."

And we also did admirable things with our next subsidiaries, "Tono-Bungay Lozenges," and "Tono-Bungay Chocolate." These we urged upon the public for their extraordinary nutritive and recuperative value in cases of fatigue and strain. We gave them posters and illustrated advertisements showing climbers hanging from marvellously vertical cliffs, cyclist champions upon the track, mounted messengers engaged in Aix-to Ghent rides, soldiers lying out in action under a hot sun. "You can GO for twenty-four hours," we declared, "on Tono-Bungay Chocolate." We didn't say whether you could return on the same commodity. We also showed a dreadfully barristerish barrister, wig, side-whiskers, teeth, a horribly life-like portrait of all existing barristers, talking at a table, and beneath, this legend : "A Four Hours' Speech on Tono-Bungay Lozenges, and as fresh as when he began." That brought in regiments of school-teachers, revivalist ministers, politicians and the like. I really do believe there was an element of "kick" in the strychnine in these lozenges, especially in those made according to our earlier formula. For we altered all our formula—invariably weakening them enormously as sales got ahead.

In a little while—so it seems to me now—we were employing travellers and opening up Great Britain at the

rate of a hundred square miles a day. All the organization throughout was sketched in a crude, entangled, half-inspired fashion by my uncle, and all of it had to be worked out into a practicable scheme of quantities and expenditure by me. We had a lot of trouble finding our travellers ; in the end at least half of them were Irish-Americans, a wonderful breed for selling medicine. We had still more trouble over our factory manager, because of the secrets of the inner room, and in the end we got a very capable woman, Mrs. Hampton Diggs, who had formerly managed a large millinery workroom, whom we could trust to keep everything in good working order without finding out anything that wasn't put exactly under her loyal and energetic nose. She conceived a high opinion of Tono-Bungay and took it in all forms and large quantities so long as I knew her. It didn't seem to do her any harm. And she kept the girls going quite wonderfully.

My uncle's last addition to the Tono-Bungay group was the Tono-Bungay Mouthwash. The reader has probably read a hundred times that inspiring inquiry of his " You are Young Yet, but are you Sure Nothing has Aged your Gums ? "

And after that we took over the agency for three or four good American lines that worked in with our own, and could be handled with it ; Texan Embrocation, and " 23—to clear the system " were the chief......

I set down these bare facts. To me they are all linked with the figure of my uncle. In some of the old seventeenth and early eighteenth century prayer-books at Bladesover there used to be illustrations with long scrolls

coming out of the mouths of the wood-cut figures. I wish I could write all this last chapter on a scroll coming out of the head of my uncle, show it all the time as unfolding and pouring out from a short, fattening, small legged man with stiff cropped hair, disobedient glasses on a perky little nose, and a round stare behind them. I wish I could show you him breathing hard and a little through his nose as his pen scrabbled out some absurd inspiration for a poster or a picture page, and make you hear his voice, charged with solemn import like the voice of a squeaky prophet saying "George! I got an ideer. I got a notion George!"

I should put myself into the same picture. Best setting for us, I think, would be the Beckenham snuggery, because there we worked hardest. It would be the lamplit room of the early nineties, and the clock upon the mantel would indicate midnight or later. We would be sitting on either side of the fire, I with a pipe, my uncle with cigar or cigarette. There would be glasses standing inside the brass fender. Our expressions would be very grave. My uncle used to sit right back in his armchair; his toes always turned in when he was sitting down and his legs had a way of looking curved, as though they hadn't bones or joints but were stuffed with sawdust.

"George, whad'yer think of T-B. for sea-sickness?" he would say.

"No good that I can imagine."

"Oom! No harm *trying*, George. We can but try."

I would suck my pipe. "Hard to get at. Unless we sold our stuff specially at the docks. Might do a special at Cook's Office, or in the Continental Bradshaw."

" It 'ud give 'em confidence, George."

He would *Zzzz*, with his glasses reflecting the red of the glowing coals.

" No good hiding our light under a Bushel," he would remark......

I never really determined whether my uncle regarded Tono-Bungay as a fraud, or whether he didn't come to believe in it in a kind of way by the mere reiteration of his own assertions. I think that his average attitude was one of kindly, almost parental, toleration. I remember saying on one occasion, " But you don't suppose this stuff ever did a human being the slightest good at all ? " and how his face assumed a look of protest, as of one reproving harshness and dogmatism.

" You've a hard nature, George," he said. " You're too ready to run things down. How can one *tell* ? How can one venture to *tell* ?......"

I suppose any creative and developing game would have interested me in those years. At any rate, I know I put as much zeal into this Tono-Bungay as any young lieutenant could have done who suddenly found himself in command of a ship. It was extraordinarily interesting to me to figure out the advantage accruing from this shortening of the process or that, and to weigh it against the capital cost of the alteration. I made a sort of machine for sticking on the labels, that I patented ; to this day there is a little trickle of royalties to me from that. I also contrived to have our mixture made concentrated, got the bottles, which all came sliding down a guarded slant-way, nearly filled with distilled water at one tap, and dripped our magic ingredients in at the next.

This was an immense economy of space for the inner sanctum. For the bottling we needed special taps, and these, too, I invented and patented.

We had a sort of endless band of bottles sliding along an inclined glass trough made slippery with running water. At one end a girl held them up to the light, put aside any that were imperfect and placed the others in the trough, the filling was automatic ; at the other end a girl slipped in the cork and drove it home with a little mallet. Each tank, the little one for vivifying ingredients and the big one for distilled water, had a level indicator, and inside I had a float arrangement that stopped the slide whenever either had sunk too low. Another girl stood ready with my machine to label the corked bottles and hand them to the three packers, who slipped them into their outer papers and put them, with a pad of corrugated paper between each pair, into a little groove from which they could be made to slide neatly into position in our standard packing-case. It sounds wild, I know, but I believe I was the first man in the city of London to pack patent medicines through the side of the packing-case, to discover there was a better way in than by the lid. Our cases packed themselves, practically ; had only to be put into position on a little wheeled tray and when full pulled to the lift that dropped them to the men downstairs, who paddled up the free space and nailed on top and side. Our girls, moreover, packed with corrugated paper and matchbox-wood box partitions when everybody else was using expensive young men to pack through the top of the box with straw, many breakages and much waste and confusion.

2.

As I look back at them now, those energetic years seem all compacted to a year or so; from the days of our first hazardous beginning in Farringdon Street with barely a thousand pounds' worth of stuff or credit all told—and that got by something perilously like snatching—to the days when my uncle went to the public on behalf of himself and me (one-tenth share) and our silent partners, the drug wholesalers and the printing people and the owner of that group of magazines and newspapers, to ask with honest confidence for £150,000. Those silent partners were remarkably sorry, I know, that they had not taken larger shares and given us longer credit when the subscriptions came pouring in. My uncle had a clear half to play with (including the one-tenth understood to be mine).

£150,000—think of it!—for the goodwill in a string of lies and a trade in bottles of mitigated water! Do you realise the madness of the world that sanctions such a thing? Perhaps you don't. At times use and wont certainly blinded me. If it had not been for Ewart, I don't think I should have had an inkling of the wonderfulness of this development of my fortunes! I should have grown accustomed to it, fallen in with all its delusions as completely as my uncle presently did. He was immensely proud of the flotation. "They've never been given such value," he said, "for a dozen years." But Ewart, with his gesticulating hairy hands and bony wrists, is single-handed chorus to all this as it plays itself over again in my memory, and he kept my fundamental absurdity illuminated for me during all this astonishing

time.

" It's just on all fours with the rest of things," he remarked; " only more so. You needn't think you're anything out of the way."

I remember one disquisition very distinctly. It was just after Ewart had been to Paris on a mysterious expedition to " rough in " some work for a rising American sculptor. This young man had a commission for an allegorical figure of Truth (draped, of course) for his State Capitol, and he needed help. Ewart had returned with his hair cut *en brosse* and with his costume completely translated into French. He wore, I remember, a bicycling suit of purplish-brown, baggy beyond imagining—the only creditable thing about it was that it had evidently not been made for him—a voluminous black tie, a decadent soft felt hat and several French expletives of a sinister description. " Silly clothes, aren't they ? " he said at the sight of my startled eye. " I don't know why I got 'm. They seemed all right over there." He had come down to our Raggett Street place to discuss a benevolent project of mine for a poster by him, and he scattered remarkable discourse over the heads (I hope it was over the heads) of our bottlers.

" What I like about it all, Ponderevo, is its poetry. ......That's where we get the pull of the animals. No animal would ever run a factory like this. Think !...... One remembers the Beaver, of course. He might very possibly bottle things, but would he stick a label round 'em and sell 'em ? The Beaver is a dreamy fool I'll admit, him and his dams, but after all, there's a sort of protection about 'em, a kind of muddy practicality !

They prevent things getting at him. And it's not your poetry only. It's the poetry of the customer too. Poet answering to poet—soul to soul. Health, Strength and Beauty—in a bottle—the magic philtre! Like a fairy tale......

"Think of the people to whom your bottles of footle go! (I'm calling it footle, Ponderevo, out of praise," he said in parenthesis.)

"Think of the little clerks and jaded women and over-worked people. People overstrained with wanting to do, people overstrained with wanting to be......People, in fact, overstrained......The real trouble of life, Ponderevo, isn't that we exist—that's a vulgar error; the real trouble is that we don't really exist and we want to. That's what this—in the highest sense—muck stands for! The hunger to be—for once—really alive—to the finger tips!......

"Nobody wants to do and be the things people are —nobody. *You* don't want to preside over this—this bottling, *I* don't want to wear these beastly clothes and be led about by you, nobody wants to keep on sticking labels on silly bottles at so many farthings a gross. That isn't existing! That's—sus—*substratum*. None of us want to be what we are, or to do what we do. Except as a sort of basis. What do we want? *You* know. *I* know. Nobody confesses. What we all want to be is something perpetually young and beautiful—young Joves —young Joves, Ponderevo"—his voice became loud, harsh and declamatory—"pursuing coy half-willing nymphs through everlasting forests......"

There was a just-perceptible listening hang in the

work about us.

"Come downstairs," I interrupted, "we can talk better there."

"I can talk better here," he answered.

He was just going on, but fortunately the implacable face of Mrs. Hampton Diggs appeared down the aisle of bottling machines.

"All right," he said, "I'll come."......

In the little sanctum below, my uncle was taking a digestive pause after his lunch and by no means alert. His presence sent Ewart back to the theme of modern commerce, over the excellent cigar my uncle gave him. He behaved with the elaborate deference due to a business magnate from an unknown man.

"What I was pointing out to your nephew, Sir," said Ewart, putting both elbows on the table, "was the poetry of commerce. He doesn't, you know, seem to see it at all."

My uncle nodded brightly. "Whad I tell 'im," he said round his cigar.

"You are artists. You and I, sir, can talk, if you will permit me, as one artist to another. It's advertisement has—done it. Advertisement has revolutionized trade and industry; it is going to revolutionize the world. The old merchant used to tote about commodities; the new one creates values. Doesn't need to tote. He takes something that isn't worth anything,—or something that isn't particularly worth anything, and he makes it worth something. He takes mustard that is just like anybody else's mustard, and he goes about saying, shouting, singing, chalking on walls, writing inside people's

books, putting it everywhere, 'Smith's Mustard is the Best.' And behold it *is* the Best!"

"True," said my uncle, chubbily and with a dreamy sense of mysticism; "true!"

"It's just like an artist, he takes a lump of white marble on the verge of a lime-kiln, he chips it about, he makes—he makes a monument to himself—and others—a monument the world will not willingly let die. Talking of mustard, sir, I was at Clapham Junction the other day, and all the banks are overgrown with horseradish that's got loose from a garden somewhere. You know what horseradish is—grows like wildfire—spreads—spreads. I stood at the end of the platform looking at the stuff and thinking about it. 'Like fame,' I thought, 'Rank and wild where it isn't wanted. Why don't the really good things in life grow like horseradish?' I thought. My mind went off in a peculiar way it does from that to the idea that mustard costs a penny a tin—I bought some the other day for a ham I had. It came into my head that it would be ripping good business to use horseradish to adulterate mustard. I had a sort of idea that I could plunge into business on that, get rich and come back to my own proper monumental art again. And then I said, 'But *why* adulterate? I don't like the idea of adulteration'."

"Shabby," said my uncle, nodding his head. "Bound to get found out!"

"And totally unnecessary too! Why not do up a mixture—three-quarters pounded horseradish and a quarter mustard—give it a fancy name—and sell it at twice the mustard price. See? I very nearly started the

business straight away, only something happened. My train came along."

"Jolly good ideer," said my uncle. He looked at me. "That really *is* an ideer, George," he said.

"Take shavin's, again! You know that poem of Longfellow's sir, that sounds exactly like the first declension. What is it?—'man's a maker men say!'"

My uncle nodded and gurgled some quotation that died away.

"Jolly good poem, George," he said in an aside to me.

"Well, it's about a carpenter and a poetic Victorian child, you know, and some shavin's. The child made no end out of the shavin's. So might you. Powder 'em. They might be anything. Soak 'em in jipper,—Xylotobacco! Powder 'em and get a little tar and turpentinous smell in,—wood-packing for hot baths—a Certain Cure for the scourge of Influenza! There's all these patent grain foods,—what Americans call cereals. I believe I'm right, sir, in saying they're sawdust."

"No!" said my uncle, removing his cigar; "as far as I can find out it's really grain,—spoilt grain....... I've been going into that."

"Well, there you are!" said Ewart. "Say it's spoilt grain. It carried out my case just as well. Your modern commerce is no more buying and selling than—sculpture. It's mercy—it's salvation. It's rescue work! It takes all sorts of fallen commodities by the hand and raises them. Cana isn't in it. You turn water—into Tono-Bungay."

"Tono-Bungay's all right," said my uncle, suddenly grave. "We aren't talking of Tono-Bungay."

"Your nephew, sir, is hard; he wants everything to go to a sort of predestinated end; he's a Calvinist of Commerce. Offer him a dustbin full of stuff; he calls it refuse—passes by on the other side. Now *you,* sir—you'd make cinders respect themselves."

My uncle regarded him dubiously for a moment. But there was a touch of appreciation in his eye.

"Might make 'em into a sort of sanitary brick," he reflected over his cigar end.

"Or a friable biscuit. Why *not?* You might advertise: 'Why are Birds so Bright? Because they digest their food perfectly! Why do they digest their food so perfectly? Because they have a gizzard! Why hasn't man a gizzard? Because he can buy Ponderevo's Ashpit Triturating, Friable Biscuit—which is Better.'"

He delivered the last words in a shout with his hairy hand flourished in the air......

"Damn clever fellow," said my uncle, after he had gone. "I know a man when I see one. He'll do. Bit drunk, I should say. But that only makes some chaps brighter. If he *wants* to do that poster, he can. *Zzzz.* That ideer of his about the horseradish. There's something in that, George. I'm going to think over that......"

I may say at once that my poster project came to nothing in the end, though Ewart devoted an interesting week to the matter. He let his unfortunate disposition to irony run away with him. He produced a picture of two Beavers with a subtle likeness, he said, to myself and my uncle—the likeness to my uncle certainly wasn't half bad—and they were bottling rows and rows of Tono-Bungay, with the legend "Modern Commerce". It

certainly wouldn't have sold a case, though he urged it on me one cheerful evening on the ground that it would "arouse curiosity." In addition he produced a quite shocking study of my uncle, excessively and needlessly nude but, so far as I was able to judge, an admirable likeness, engaged in feats of strength of a Gargantuan type before an audience of deboshed and shattered ladies. The legend, "Health, Beauty, Strength" below, gave a needed point to his parody. This he hung up in the studio over the oil shop, with a flap of brown paper by way of a curtain over it to accentuate its libellous offence.

—From : *Tono-Bungay.*